Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE TAX SITUATION

BY EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN

Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University

THE subject of taxation has again been thrust into the forefront of public discussion. So numerous and so complicated are the problems connected with immediate reform that it may be helpful to refresh our recollection as to the fundamental principles, with a view to ascertain what are the practical applications.

The experience of the last century or two since the advent of modern democracy and the attendant economic changes have resulted in the tacit acceptance by all civilized nations of certain outstanding principles or canons of taxation. Although they have hitherto not been formulated in precisely the following way, it may be well to recall them to mind.

Since the paramount object of taxation is to secure revenue, taxation may first be regarded from the fiscal point of view. This fiscal criterion leads to what may be termed the principle of productivity. A tax that is designed to raise revenue will clearly be a failure if it is not adequate. The meagreness of the yield may be due not only to the fact that the tax sins against the administrative and economic principles to be mentioned in a moment, but to a certain inherent maladjustment of the tax to the general environment. Furthermore, the productivity of a tax often depends upon its elasticity, that is, the responsiveness of its yield to a change in the rate. As Dean Swift put it: "In the arithmetic of customs, two and two does not always make four."

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At the present time, these canons of adequacy and elasticity are violated in several ways. Some of what the Secretary of the Treasury calls our "nuisance taxes" yield entirely too slight a revenue to warrant their continuance; while, on the other hand, the extremely high surtaxes in the income tax have so obviously exceeded the maximum revenue point as to call for a reduction of the rate in order to increase the yield.

In the next place, tax laws, like all others, will necessarily be open to criticism if they are not properly administered. The administrative criterion results in the principle of efficiency; and this may disclose itself in three ways. First, we need certainty of taxation: if the law be uncertain, it will necessarily be inefficient in its operation. Second, we need economy of taxation, that is an economical adjustment of yield to efforts: if the tax costs an inordinate amount to collect, it represents an administrative inefficiency the very opposite of economy. Third, the tax should be so administered as to involve the least possible inconvenience to the taxpayer.

The certainty of taxation is a canon that is frequently violated owing to the proverbial weakness of administration in democratic countries. Apart from the problems connected with our customs tariff legislation, perhaps the best recent examples of uncertainty are to be found in the excess-profits tax and in certain parts of the federal income tax. The uncertainty of many provisions of the laws has been only in part removed by administrative rulings and judicial decisions. Arbitrariness in taxation is almost the greatest enemy that the taxpayer has to encounter.

Again, the economy of taxation depends primarily on the cost of collection; and this is influenced not only by the nature of the tax, but by the reaction of the community to the tax. Certain taxes are proverbially difficult to collect. The expense of administering the tax on spirituous liquors in the United States, where moonshining was prevalent, was notorious. The repugnance of the British property owner to the land taxes introduced by Lloyd George's famous budget was so pronounced that in certain cases the cost of collection actually exceeded the revenue, with the result that all attempts to enforce the tax were abandoned in 1920. Perhaps the most striking illustration is afforded

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by the contrast between what is sometimes called concentrated taxes as against diffused taxes. When Gladstone came to power he found taxes on what someone wittily described as "everything that one sees, feels, smells, or hears." His life work as a financier consisted primarily in reducing this heterogeneous system to a very few taxes on articles of wide, but not necessary, consumption, thus securing an immense revenue at very little expense. A tax on spirits, on tobacco, or on gasolene is worth hundreds of taxes on multitudinous articles where the difficulties of collection are considerable. The economy of taxation is a canon not to be neglected.

Thirdly, convenience in taxation has several aspects which often become of great practical consequence. The problem of how the tax is to be paid raises such a question as that of the use of stamps. The problem of when the tax should be paid involves the desirability of the instalment system. The problem of how or under what conditions the tax is to be paid may often make the difference between success or failure. Thus the canons of certainty, economy, and convenience are all important corollaries of the administrative principle of efficiency.

A more significant problem, however, is that of the immediate or ultimate effects of taxation on the economic situation as a whole. It is the function of the wise legislator to have taxation interfere as little as possible with the general prosperity of the community. As over against the purely fiscal or administrative criteria which we have been discussing, the economic criterion leads to what may be called the principle of prosperity. The interference with the normal phenomena of economic life may indeed sometimes be designed, as when a tax, like that on child labor, is levied for a purely social purpose. But such interference is from the very nature of the case presumed to conduce to the larger prosperity of the community. What we must guard against is not so much interference, as harmful interference, with the normal processes of economic life. If the unexpected consequence of a tax is to injure the prosperity of the community, the more efficiently it is administered the worse it becomes. Since it is important that taxes should interfere as little with the prosperity of the community and should be as harmless or

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innocuous as possible, the principle of prosperity leads to the canon of harmlessness or innocuity of taxation. Perhaps the most serious danger of modern taxation resides in this unanticipated interference with the normal economic phenomena. Especially is this true in recent times where the injurious results show themselves primarily in the consequences of excessive taxation. Were there space to dwell upon this phase of the subject, it would be easy to call attention to the harm done either directly to production, exchange, or consumption, or more indirectly to the long-time economic interests of the community.

Everyone is familiar with the statement made by the Secretary of the Treasury as to the harmful results of the excess-profits tax. In its effects upon production and enterprise, it can be compared only to some of the mediaeval taxes on consumption. If a tax limits enterprise and retards production, it will tend to decrease the national dividend and to carry with it unlooked-for consequences in the reduction of wages and the diminution of social progress. Even if we cannot reasonably demand that a tax should directly increase prosperity, we have, at all events, every right to ask that it should not injure the community. If the proceeds of an otherwise unexceptionable tax are spent economically on something that the community needs, the net result ought to be of no harm to the community. Innocuity or harmlessness of taxation is an especially important canon at the present time, when the fiscal burdens have become so heavy.

All these canons of taxation may, however, be deemed to be secondary, compared with the fact that when we consider the relation of taxation to individuals as a class rather than to any single member of the class, it becomes necessary to apply the ethical criterion. Even though the tax system may be satisfactory in its yield, its administration, and in its general economic effects, it would still be open to criticism if it failed to meet the demands of justice as among individuals or classes. The criterion of fundamental importance in any system of taxation is the ethical criterion, because in fiscal as in all economic relations, the paramount question is that of justice. If individuals are to be called upon to the support of the state, and especially if the contribution is a compulsory one, they cannot escape

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emphasizing the equitable character of the contribution. Especially in a democratic community does this ethical criterion result in the demand for equality of treatment. However successful a tax may be in other respects, if it sins in this particular, it will sooner or later be swept away. Equality of taxation is the very cornerstone of all tax programmes.

Equality of taxation, however, has two implications. If individuals are to be taxed equally, it follows in the first place that all must be taxed. The canon of universality of taxation is therefore the first corollary of the principle of equality. The history of taxation marks a continual struggle to realize the universality of taxation. From the very beginning, exemptions and immunities of all kinds were secured by the powerful, and the struggle of democracy may often be put in terms of the attempt to abolish unjust privileges and immunities. The French Revolution itself is largely explicable from this point of view.

At the present time, in the United States as elsewhere, most of these old class and individual exemptions have been abolished. But there still remains a system of exemption which has its origin in a much more specious and ostensibly legitimate situation. The chief problem of modern immunity is that of the exemption of Government securities. In the United States this takes two forms: exemption of securities in general, and exemption of securities issued by one kind of government from taxation imposed by another kind, as, for instance, the Federal, the State, and the local Government. So far as the latter form of immunity is concerned, the historical reasons which at one time made it desirable to free State and local securities and salaries from taxation by the Federal Government no longer apply. The continued exemption of billions of State and local securities is scarcely defensible from any point of view. So far as the exemption of federal securities from federal taxation is concerned, the problem is somewhat more involved. From the point of view of principle, there is always a possible choice between upholding the credit of a government and securing equality of taxation. That is to say, if it becomes a matter of life or death with the State in a great emergency to market its securities at a reasonable rate, the exemption from taxation may be a cheap price to pay.

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If we have to choose between political existence and economic equality, the latter will have to give way. But in the United States, when our existing debt was created there was no such alternative. It was simply a question of issuing the Liberty or Victory Loans at a higher rate of interest. We sacrificed equality of taxation not to fundamental necessity, but to ephemeral convenience. While it is true that the holders of exempt securities do not entirely escape taxation—for when they purchase the bonds they pay somewhat more for them, and when they receive interest they get a somewhat smaller amount—yet not only is the correspondence by no means complete, but there is in addition a feeling on the part of the non-exempt members of the community that a privileged class is growing up among them. One of the chief reasons, for instance, why the higher brackets of our income tax are yielding continually smaller revenues is because of the temptation on the part of the wealthy to invest in tax-exempt securities. As a result of our system not only does the Government lose hundreds of millions in annual revenue, but the income tax, instead of being borne primarily by those who can afford to pay, is borne primarily by the unwary and those who find it difficult to convert the sources of their income into tax-exempt securities. The actual derogation from the principle of universality of taxation at the present time in the United States is perhaps the chief indictment of the entire Federal system. The elimination of our present forms of exemption is the most crying demand of reform.

Equality of taxation has, however, another implication. Equality does not mean absolute numerical equality. If the millionaire and the pauper were each taxed $100 there would be absolute numerical equality, but surely no justice. By equality we must therefore mean a relative equality or relatively proportional equality. For such equality we have the term uniformity. The second canon of taxation which flows from the principle of equality is accordingly uniformity of taxation.

Since uniformity means relative or proportional equality, the problem arises as to the nature of the relation involved in this idea of proportion. For the relative equality implied in uniformity must be expressed in terms of such a relation. With-

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out going into the recondite aspects of this subject, which has much exercised fiscal and economic students, it may be said that the modern democratic theory as to the criterion to be employed in ascertaining the true basis of taxation is the faculty or ability theory. This demands that every individual should be held to pay taxes in proportion to his faculty or taxable capacity. Since the individual has to turn over to the State some form of wealth, the considerations that are pertinent to the problem in each case revolve around the three questions: (1) How does he get the wealth? (2) What kind of wealth is it? (3) What does he do with the wealth? In other words, we have to treat of the acquisition of wealth, the possession of wealth, and the disposition of wealth. In dealing with the acquisition of wealth, we have to consider the cost of acquisition; in dealing with the disposition of wealth, we have to weigh the sacrifice of consumption; and in dealing with the possession of wealth, we are confronted by the elements of social privilege. How to measure these various factors and how to ascertain the particular test to be employed in comparing the faculty of one individual with that of another involves the chief practical problem in endeavoring to realize the principle of uniformity of taxation.

Historically, many attempts have been made. Without going into the history of the subject, it may be said that at the present time the choice in all democratic societies lies between expenditure or consumption on the one hand, and property or income on the other hand; with a further selection between property and income as the best indication of wealth.

The distinction just alluded to is in harmony with the modern and more approved methods of classifying taxes. The old division into direct and indirect taxes, which is still popularly followed, has been repeatedly shown to be of little scientific value. Direct taxes are supposed to be those which remain as a burden on the people who pay them; indirect taxes are supposed to be those that are shifted to someone else. Unfortunately, this criterion is no longer valid, as the shiftability of the tax often depends more upon the way in which it is levied than upon the character of the tax itself. Many so-called direct taxes are not infrequently shifted.

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A more scientific classification is that based upon the criterion of stages in the economic process. If we trace the steps in the economic life of an individual we find that after acquiring economic goods, whether by production or otherwise, he either exchanges or consumes them. That is to say, the four stages in the process of wealth are acquisition, possession, exchange, and consumption. Since, however, everything that is possessed must be acquired in some way, the characteristics of acquisition and possession are so similar as to warrant their inclusion in the same category. Taxes might then profitably be classified into taxes on wealth, as measured by the income or the property of the individual, and taxes on expenditure as manifested in either consumption or exchange. The latter class would include what are ordinarily called on the one hand taxes on transactions and communications and, on the other, taxes on commodities. In still rougher terms, we could put the contrast between taxes on wealth and taxes on expenditure.

Expenditure has not infrequently been advanced as the test of faculty and as constituting the real norm of taxation. As soon as private property developed, it became easy to raise money by levying taxes on commodities. It is true that in the beginning the idea of ability played only an insignificant rôle. But later on, when the system of direct taxes had been honeycombed with all manner of abuses, the tax reformers advanced expenditure as the best means of reintroducing the sadly lacking equality. Inasmuch as everybody has to spend money, a tax on expenditure would permit no one to escape, and since the wealthy always spend more than the poor, a tax on expenditure was deemed to be a far better approach to the principle of ability to pay than could be found in the then existing medley of taxation. The demand for the general excise soon became the rallying cry of tax reformers throughout Europe.

As a matter of fact, however, the reason why the property tax of the time failed, was not because property constituted an unsatisfactory norm of taxation, but because certain classes or individuals were *not* taxed on their property. It was exemption, rather than taxation, which was at the root of the difficulty. Indeed, when taxes on expenditure developed, it soon became

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clear that expenditure is not a satisfactory criterion of faculty. In the first place, some individuals must consume all that they produce, while others spend only a small part of the wealth that they acquire. While it is a fact that the rich man will spend more than the poor man, it is none the less true that in proportion as we approach the category of necessary expenditures, this difference tends to vanish. To the extent that expenditure deals with necessaries or even with comforts, taxes on expenditure impose a relatively greater burden on the poor. This has been so universally recognized that well-nigh every democratic movement in taxation has taken the form of an attempt to reduce taxation on expenditure.

Secondly, from a wider economic point of view, expenditure is an unsatisfactory test, because in normal economic life the best way to secure the social surplus which forms the basis of civilization is to increase production, rather than to decrease consumption. Productive consumption is a necessary and salutary part of the economic process. To check consumption is suicidal.

While expenditure in general cannot be accepted as a criterion of faculty, certain forms of consumption taxes, however, may be utilized to round out other elements of ability to pay. While it is not true that high-priced articles are exclusively purchased by the rich or that low-priced articles are bought only by the poor, it remains a fact that a tax on luxurious expenditure is normally borne by those who think that they can afford to purchase luxuries. The tax on luxuries is therefore not open to the objections advanced against a general tax on expenditure. Secondly, the Government may desire as a social policy to restrict the consumption of certain quasi-luxuries, like liquors or tobacco or gasolene. A tax on such forms of expenditure might be conceived as a tax on what an individual ought to be able to spend for such purposes; in which case it might be considered as a tax not so much on actual ability to pay, as on putative or socially desirable ability to pay. Finally, certain taxes on exchange or consumption are so lucrative that they tend to diminish the burden of taxes on wealth which, when pushed beyond a certain point, may tend to become economically harmful. Expenditure may in this way

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serve as a means of securing a more well-balanced system of taxation.

But in the main the response to the demand for equality of taxation took the form of a tax on wealth. In one shape or another the general property tax became the backbone of the entire tax system, and in the greater part of the United States to-day this is still the case in State and local taxation.

In recent years, however, several shortcomings have disclosed themselves in the system of property taxation. Under modern conditions, with their speculative characteristics and cyclical movements, there is often a disparity between the property and its yield or produce. Furthermore, a property tax is coming more and more to be a tax on savings. To the extent that we tax property which has been accumulated through savings, we put a premium upon extravagant expenditure. Such a tax becomes in a certain sense anti-social in character and to be deprecated from a general economic standpoint. Again, the acceptance of property as a criterion of taxable ability becomes more and more unsatisfactory under conditions where large professional incomes or salaries, which would otherwise entirely escape taxation, are customary. Finally, modern business methods impair the value of property as the norm of taxation. When merchants' stocks were relatively small and the turnover moderate, it was feasible to measure a merchant's ability to pay by the property invested in business; nowadays, it is not what merchants have, but what they make, that is of importance; and what they earn depends upon many factors other than the amount of their capital or stock in trade.

It is for the above reasons that property is gradually disappearing as the best criterion of ability to pay, although there is still considerable scope for its retention in cases where, as in real estate, property rapidly reflects in its capital value changes in its earning capacity, where the property is subject to every-day sale, where it is held simply for enjoyment without affording a money income, and where the yield of the property may stop for a time, while its market value is still appreciable.

With these exceptions, however, the modern world has come to the conclusion that income is on the whole a more satisfactory

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norm of taxation than any of the others that have been mentioned. A careful analysis, however, would show that income is also not without its weaknesses as an ideal criterion. These weaknesses may be declared to be the vagueness of the conception in income, the inadequacy to reflect all of the normal elements of faculty, and the failure to consider the influence of other factors than those of acquisition.

The first difficulty is apparent at the present time in the United States. Does income include only money income, or also money's worth, like the rent of a house? Does income mean only regular and periodic proceeds or does it comprise chance or aleatory receipts, like gifts? Can income be clearly differentiated from capital, and does all accretion to capital, like the appreciation of securities, constitute income? If stock dividends are not income, are dividends distributed in the form of bonds, income?

But even if we knew precisely what income is, does it include all the important criteria of faculty? Let us take two contrasted cases. On the one hand, there is a bachelor physician, without dependents, living in a small town, in robust health, but penurious to the last degree. In contrast to him is his fellow practitioner with the same income, but married, with a large family, under the obligation to support his parents, living in an expensive apartment in a large city, in more or less precarious health, and yet generous to a fault in the support of communal and other public purposes. Can it properly be held that these two individuals ought to be taxed identically the same amount because their incomes are the same?

With all its shortcomings, however, income constitutes the best norm that we can devise, and it explains why in the Great War the backbone of our fiscal system was composed of income and profits taxes, whereas a century ago in the war with Great Britain we relied on a property tax, rather than an income tax. It also explains why in so many of our States and cities, where the old general property tax has been breaking down, we find the recent development of income taxes and of business taxes levied according to the criterion of earnings or profits.

The practical conclusions applicable to our present situation are not difficult to draw. In the first place, the needs of govern-

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mental economy and efficiency are paramount. Unless the total expenditures are reduced to manageable proportions, no system of taxation that might be devised can fail to be burdensome and injurious. Expenditures must always bear a certain proportion to the social income. Where taxes are made to trench unduly upon the social income, they will react upon both consumption and production, and, except in the very unlikely event that the Government spends its money in a more economical and efficient way than private individuals would do, it is bound to retard economic development. Excessive taxes, no matter how levied, are injurious.

Secondly, care must be taken to preserve the balance between taxes on wealth and taxes on expenditure, with the understanding that, inasmuch as wealth forms a relatively better criterion of ability to pay than expenditure, the larger share of the taxes should come from wealth. Since the opening of the Great War, however, the proper balance has not been kept. From three-quarters to four-fifths of all of our Federal revenues have been derived from taxes on wealth. If to this we add about nine-tenths of the State and local taxes, which are almost exclusively levied on wealth, it is not surprising that the strain has become too great. Our excess-profits tax has already broken down and our income tax is in danger of following suit. Not only is the revenue declining, but the regrettable consequences upon business and enterprise are only too apparent. The taxes on wealth should be reduced. This means that the excess-profits tax must be eliminated, and the higher brackets of surtax in the income tax be reduced.

On the other hand, we must be careful not to go too far in the other direction. The proposal of a general sales tax is unwise for several reasons fiscal and administrative, but chiefly because it would unduly depress the balance in the other direction, and cause the major part of our national revenues to be derived from taxes on necessary consumption. The sales tax is virtually an inverted or upside-down income tax. It puts the burden where it can least be borne, and it prevents the utilization of the graduated feature which has become an indispensable accompaniment of all income taxes. The sales tax is not an Anglo-Saxon but

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a Latin-American device, and it is essentially repugnant to the instincts of a democratic community.

Above all, the demand for a somewhat greater reliance upon expenditure taxes can be met in a far better way. As we have already noted, the approved modern system of expenditure taxes is one of concentrated rather than of diffused taxes. This means in practice a system of taxes on the conveniences of life such as tobacco, gasolene, stamped paper, and the like, together with the taxes on transportation, admissions, automobiles, etc. If still further taxes on expenditure seem desirable, let them be imposed upon articles of luxury like jewelry, fine clothing, and the like, as is in part already now done, although with inadequate attention paid to cases of unnecessary discrimination. But let us not revert to the Middle Ages, with its taxes on salt and its taxes on bread. Finally, if there is danger of the taxes on expenditure trenching on the line which separates necessities and elementary comforts from luxuries, let us add to the somewhat reduced taxes on income a tax on business which will reach the wealth of the country when it is actually being distributed and which will be so moderate as not to interfere materially with the accumulation of capital or the development of enterprise.

Above all, let us endeavor to rid ourselves of the one crying evil of our present system—the inequality inherent in the unjustifiable exemption of Federal, State, and local securities. Let us be mindful of the basic principles of taxation. Let us abandon the "nuisance" taxes which yield but little revenue. Let us relinquish the taxes like the excess-profits tax which sins against the administrative canons of certainty, economy and efficiency. Let us beware of securing revenue at the expense of restricting either consumption or production. But above all, let us attempt to realize the fundamental canons of uniformity and equality of taxation.

Congress has an admirable opportunity presented to it. Let us hope that it will rise to the opportunity and provide us with a fiscal system in peace times which will be as successful, and on the whole as defensible, as that which was created in war times.

EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN.

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THE MEANING OF "POLICE POWER"

BY CHARLES KELLOGG BURDICK

THE people of the United States at the close of the Revolution, though they felt keenly the dangers of disunion, were so afraid of a strong central Government, which they feared might draw to itself despotic power, that they nearly rejected our present Constitution. Several of the State conventions were with the greatest difficulty dissuaded from making their adoption conditional upon the incorporation of certain amendments, and this was accomplished only by the promise that the suggested amendments would be brought before Congress as soon as it convened. Of those which were proposed, ten were quickly adopted. These amendments are in the nature of a bill of rights, and constitute restrictions upon the Federal Government only. The Tenth Amendment declared, what was probably already implied, that the States retained all the powers not expressly denied to them or granted to the United States. The Fifth Amendment contained, among others, the provision that no person should be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

The body of the Constitution does not contain many restrictions upon the powers of the States, but there is one which is of great importance, namely, that no State shall impair the obligation of contracts.

Americans in the early days of the Republic were strong individualists, jealous of all governmental control, and particularly of control by a Government located at a distance, not subject to the dictates of the electorate of the State, and which was in their view almost a foreign Power. This attitude ripened into the doctrine of States' Rights, which finally disrupted the Union. At the close of the Civil War the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were added to the Constitution. Their primary purpose was to guaranty to the colored race equal civil and political rights; but to accomplish this end,

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certain restrictions were put upon the powers of the States. One of these restrictions was contained in a clause of the Fourteenth Amendment which declares that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law,—a provision, it will be noticed, identical with the restriction put upon the Federal Government by the Fifth Amendment.

The clause against the impairment of the obligation of contracts was early declared by Chief Justice Marshall in the famous Dartmouth College case to protect contracts made by a State as well as contracts made by individuals from subsequent impairment by the State, and it was also declared that the grant of a franchise by a State creates a contract between the State and the recipient of the privilege granted. Rather curiously, the "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment received very little interpretation up to the time when a similar restriction upon the States was incorporated into the Fourteenth Amendment. Since that time, however, the Supreme Court of the United States has had to pass very frequently upon the meaning of due process as it affects Federal or State legislation and has held that the due process clauses were intended to constitute restrictions upon the legislatures as well as upon the other branches of the State and Federal Governments.

What then is due process, and how are we to tell whether its bounds have been overstepped by a legislative body? The Supreme Court has consistently refrained from attempting any real definition of due process, feeling it to be wiser to determine its boundaries gradually by the process of "inclusion and exclusion," as cases come before it. Perhaps the nearest that that tribunal has come to giving us a definition is in its declaration that legislation to constitute due process must conform to those principles of liberty and justice which lie at the base of our civil and political institutions. This, however, is intentionally vague, and gives nothing more than an indication of the general direction which legislation must take in order to be constitutional. It is necessary to study the great mass of decided cases to get a more definite understanding of what due process in legislation really is.

Clearly, taxation constitutes due process when it is for a public use. Property taken by eminent domain is also taken with

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due process when taken for a public use, and when just compensation is made. Of course in both of these fields we are confronted with the necessity of determining what *is* a public use. Obviously when a tax is levied, or property is taken for the use of the State or of a municipality in its governmental capacity, as for a court house or a city hall or, in the case of a tax, for ordinary government expenses, it is taken for a public use. Quite as certainly, property is taken for a public use when it is taken by taxation or eminent domain for a purpose which will be directly useful to the members of the community as a whole, and a purpose which is not usually accomplished by ordinary private businesses, but can only be adequately accomplished by the aid of such powers of government. Examples of such purposes are the construction of railroads, water, gas and electric plants, and the establishment of cemeteries and parks, among many that might be named. But the Supreme Court has been very liberal in upholding the determination of the States as to what is included within the term public use. It has held, for example, that in a period of emergency a public fuel yard is a public use for which funds may be raised by taxation, and very recently it may be said to have laid itself open to the charge of being distinctly radical when it held that taxation by the State of North Dakota for the purpose of maintaining public grain elevators, of producing and selling agricultural implements, of helping farmers acquire their own farms, and of conducting a State bank, was constitutional, though here was a well-developed scheme of State socialism. Furthermore, it has upheld the exercise of the power of eminent domain where the direct benefit would be derived only by an individual, but where the circumstances were shown to be such that only by aiding individuals in this way could the natural resources of the State be adequately developed.

With regard to taxation and eminent domain, the Supreme Court has gone far, but the greatest development in the scope of due process has been in the field of the police power. While eminent domain is essentially a power to take property for the *use* of the public, and involves the necessity of paying for the property taken, the police power inheres in the State for the

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protection of its citizens, and its exercise carries with it no duty of compensation. Goods may actually be taken from a person under the police power, where the protection of the public demands it, as where infected cattle are taken and killed, or infected clothing is required to be destroyed. Ordinarily, however, the public can be adequately protected by restricting the way in which property may be used, without actually taking a man's goods and chattels away from him. Still, any limitation upon the use which a man may make of his property is a taking of his property in the eye of the law, and must be shown to be within the limits of due process to be constitutional. How extensive, then, is this right of protecting its citizens, which is the very life of the police power of the States? It has been accepted as a matter of course that a State may interfere with proprietary rights for the protection of the safety, health, morals and public order of the community. Innumerable examples of such legislation will at once come to everyone's mind. But the Supreme Court has gone much further than this. It has annexed to the jurisdiction of the police power the vast field of "public welfare" —not merely physical and moral, but economic. This has been done against constant opposition, but the trend of decisions has nevertheless been steadily forward. It was first declared that rates to be charged by grain elevators could be regulated, because it was shown that the business involved a commodity of great importance to the public, and because in the States in question it was a business monopolistic in character, or at least in tendency. These features subjected the public to the possibility of oppression, and so were held to justify legislation for their protection. Soon the court took a step further, holding that the charges of grain elevators may be regulated in a State where no monopolistic tendency is shown, on the ground that because of their importance to the public they have taken on a sort of public character, and so may be regulated in the interest of public welfare. Here, indeed, we have a doctrine of very wide scope. Though the case was decided by a court divided five to four, it has since been approved and its doctrine applied in a decision supporting legislative regulation of the insurance business. The power to regulate rates has been frequently exercised without hesitation in cases

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of all public utilities, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, water, gas and electric lighting plants.

Public welfare as the basis of police power has won another notable victory in the field of labor legislation. Laws requiring sanitary conditions and safe appliances have been readily sustained, and legislation restricting the hours of labor, in particularly and obviously unhealthful employments, were upheld without great difficulty. In 1905 in the Lochner case a New York statute limiting work in bakeries to a ten-hour day was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, because it did not appear that work in bakeries was particularly unhealthful. Three years later, however, a statute creating a ten-hour working-day for women was upheld, on the ground that women as a class particularly need protection from the general evils of overwork for their own welfare and for the welfare of the race. Finally, in 1917, the Lochner case was in effect overruled, though not mentioned, when the Oregon ten-hour law was upheld on the ground that excessive work by any person, in any field, is injurious to the individual, and so when practiced by large numbers is contrary to the welfare of the community at large. In the same year the Supreme Court, though by a vote of four to four, upheld the Oregon minimum-wage law, on the ground that it is contrary to the interests of the community as a whole, as well as of those immediately effected, for large numbers of persons to receive less than a living wage. In considering labor legislation one should also not forget that workmen's compensation laws of quite various types have been uniformly held constitutional by the Supreme Court. Many other striking examples could be given of legislation affecting property which has been upheld as a proper exercise of the police power, because it was passed to safeguard the public welfare, but enough have been referred to to show the general trend of judicial opinion.

Theoretically, the United States has no general police power like that possessed by the States, except for the government of the District of Columbia and of the territories. Outside of those spheres of government it has only those powers which are expressly or by necessary implication given it by the Federal Constitution, and a general police power is not among them.

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But, nevertheless, a very wide police power has in fact been developed by the National Government in connection with the express powers granted to it by the Constitution, for it has been held that those powers may be exercised for the same general purposes for which the police power may be called into play by the States. Thus, in controlling the mail service, the Federal Government takes occasion to protect the public against fraudulent and obscene literature sent through that channel, and we are all familiar with the interstate commerce act, with its provisions against unreasonable charges and discrimination, the anti-trust law, the pure food and drug act, the "white slave" act, and the many other laws passed under the authority of Congress to control interstate and foreign commerce.

Another important doctrine, which has not been nearly so much discussed as the doctrines connected with due process, which we have just been considering, has to do with the clause in the Constitution which declares that no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. This doctrine is to the effect that every contract is made subject to the State's right to exercise its police power. It has been repeatedly applied to contracts made with the State, and to contracts which public utilities have made with their patrons. While it has not been so frequently applied to contracts between private individuals, the Supreme Court has many times declared that such contracts are made in subordination to the police power. This means that if the performance or enforcement of a contract is interfered with by legislation in the due enforcement of the police power, the obligation of the contract is not impaired in the sense in which the impairment of contracts is prohibited by the Constitution. Since the police power is interpreted just as liberally in this connection as it is in connection with the due process clauses of the Constitution to include the protection of the public welfare, as well as the public safety, health, morals and public order, the principle here involved gives to State legislatures wide discretion in the matter of legislation affecting contracts.

The American theory of constitutional government is that written constitutions are not framed merely as general statements of political principles, which it is believed should guide

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future generations, but as binding limitations upon all branches of the Government, which are to be enforced by the courts as the supreme law of the land. Such limitations constitute guaranties on behalf of minorities against hasty and arbitrary action on the part of majorities, and it is the duty of our courts to see that these guaranties are not overstepped. Still, it is to be borne in mind that a public opinion which is persistently adhered to, and which ripens into a strong conviction on the part of a considerable majority of the community, is bound sooner or later to become law, if not in conformity with the Constitution, then as an amendment to that fundamental law. It does not follow that courts should give effect to legislation simply because it expresses the will of the majority, if it clearly falls within the inhibitions of the State or Federal Constitution. It is, however, both wise and reasonable that courts should indulge every legitimate presumption that the legislative branch of the Government has acted within its constitutional powers, and that they should hold that legislation should only be declared unconstitutional if there is no doubt of its conflict with constitutional provisions. The burden is always upon the one who attacks a statute to prove that it is unconstitutional.

We have seen how vastly the scope of the police power has grown in late years. This has been in response to a persistent public opinion, which itself reflects a wide swing of the pendulum from a predominantly individualistic philosophy to what may be called a philosophy of collectivism,—a philosophy which gives first place to the interest and development of the group, class, or community. Altered economic and social conditions have brought about this change of emphasis, and with this change has constantly developed an increasing demand for legislation to protect the interests of groups and classes and communities. The courts have generally found justification for such legislation, when not wholly arbitrary and despotic, in the police power, and so have brought it within the sanction of due process, and within a reasonable interpretation of the clause protecting contracts. Thus, by gradual development of the police power, the due process clauses and the contract clause of the Constitution have come to be so interpreted as not to thwart the will of the majority

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when expressed in legislation whose avowed object is the protection of the interests of the public, and whose purposes cannot be said to be clearly unreasonable or oppressive. As to whether legislation meets this very liberal test, the Supreme Court of the United States is the final judge. In reaching its conclusion, however, it will take into account all relevant circumstances, both social and economic, as is shown particularly by the opinions of the Court in its more recent decisions, and it will give great weight to the judgment of the legislature, especially if it is shown that that body acted after a careful investigation of the situation to be remedied. An excellent example of the modern attitude of the courts is to be found in the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals and of the Supreme Court of the United States, upholding certain provisions of the New York rent laws. Those provisions restrict the landlord in New York City to the receipt of a reasonable rent, irrespective of what rent has been contracted for, and deprive him of the right to oust a hold-over tenant, even though the tenant has expressly contracted to surrender the property at the end of his term. Clearly, the landlord's proprietary rights are interfered with, and his right to enforce his contract is temporarily suspended. It appeared to the court, however, that the legislature had made a careful investigation of the situation in New York City, that the legislature had been convinced that the tenant class in that city needed special protection during the present housing crisis, and that the legislation in question had been passed to meet this situation. The courts held that there was evidence to support the legislature's findings, and that the measures adopted to meet the situation were reasonable. The court, therefore, declared that the legislation in question was a valid exercise of the police power. These decisions are strikingly illustrative of the modern doctrine of the police power. Though the guaranties of personal liberty have been substantially restricted, this is the necessary price which has had to be paid to meet the changing and more complicated conditions of modern society.

CHARLES KELLOGG BURDICK.

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MORALITY AND DEMOCRACY

BY EMILE BOUTROUX

Member of the French Academy

WHAT is morality? Socrates called it the art of self-possession and of self-government. The one fundamental virtue, he taught, was ἐγκράτεια: rule over oneself. Democracy, too, means the people's rule over itself; the government of the people by the people. Consequently, is not democracy the express application of the moral idea to politics? Democratic government and government based on morality would appear to be one and the same thing.

Does historic reality confirm this deduction founded on etymology? The first thing that strikes us is the extreme variety of the governments called democracies. The two elements in the conception of democracy consist of the two notions: people and government. To each of these very different interpretations have been given.

Speaking generally, we may distinguish three meanings of the word, government.

According to the first, to govern is to exercise absolute authority. The governor, literally, holds sovereign sway, whatever be the origin or the foundation assigned to this sovereignty. He possesses all rights and is nowise responsible for his actions to those he governs.

According to the second, government has its principle in a contract, either explicit or tacit, between governors and governed. This contract is expressed by a constitution which formulates the general conditions under which government must take place, and is equally binding on both sides.

According to the third, government, independent of any contract, while representing the nation, should recognize and respect certain of the latter's rights, held to be naturally inher-

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ent in human societies and individuals, and consequently untransferable and superior to all institutions.

The first kind of government may be called absolutism, the second, constitutionalism, and the third, liberalism.

And while the word government is thus interpreted in these different ways, the same is true with the word, people.

We may conceive of the people as forming one indivisible whole. In this case, there can be no question of rights peculiar to individuals, groups or society, as distinct from the State. The rights attributed to the parties can be none other than reflex rights, springing from the sovereignty of the whole.

On the other hand, we may regard the people as simply the total of the individuals, who alone are realities possessed of a natural and effective existence. In this case, the people, as a unit, is no more than an abstraction. No artifice can transfer the reality, right, inviolability of the concrete unit to the abstract unit, of the natural being to the artificial being, of individual to State. In this system, the State has but a borrowed existence and right.

We may also consider that individuals are not really independent of one another, but that they keep up relations of solidarity, which they cannot abjure without making impossible their progress, even their existence. We shall thus regard as true units the groups formed of closely united individuals: such as political or professional groups, and the people will be the whole of the groups bound together by a common national life. Moreover, we shall be able to attribute to the different groups, in the national representation, unequal parts, proportioned to their respective importance.

Then too, we may set up a profound distinction between these groups, according as they show themselves active, productive and useful, or barren, parasitical and exploiting the work of others. It will be affirmed that the people, from the political point of view, cannot be confused with the whole of the inhabitants of a given country, but that it consists exclusively of that class of citizens which really deserves the name of workers, *viz.*, the fully-awakened proletariat who understand the necessity of uniting for the purpose of eliminating the useless and the parasites. The classes distinct from those of the workers strictly

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so-called are, according to this conception, regarded as survivals of a past which is condemned by the evolution of mankind and is destined to disappear. It is the duty of organized societies to hasten this disappearance.

What has just been said regarding the different meanings of the word, people, when dealing with any given nation, applies to the leagues of nations which many have ardently longed to construct, ever since the eighteenth century. We may conceive of an international democracy, as an ideal, at all events. In international groupings thus inspired, what are the elements that should be regarded as substantial units, containing in themselves the principle and the purpose of their organization?

According to some, each nation is *per se* an absolute independent unity, possessed of the right to dispose of itself and its own destinies. According to others, the nations become ever more inter-connected by bonds of solidarity which must be respected and organized so that the idea of international democracy may find its expression in a more or less close federation, or even an international State.

Again, speaking generally, in humanity as in any given nation, some regard as fundamental the distinction between two categories of individuals, workers and parasites; they think that, in international democracy as in any particular democracy, one only of these two classes is qualified to possess citizenship. They therefore claim that the proletariat alone, i.e., men who live solely and from hand to mouth on their daily work, are deserving of the name and the rights of citizens of the universal Republic. Apart from this class, there is no category of men to whom any international right can legitimately be attributed.

Is this extreme diversity in the conceptions of democracy determined by a sense of the moral signification of the democratic *régime*, and by the desire to reach, as far as possible in practice, the ideal form of this *régime?*

When we try to discover the principle usually followed by politicians in defining democracy, we see that this principle is the idea of right. And when we examine the reasons why people are more ready to speak of right than of duty, to define

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duty by right rather than right by duty, we find that theorists sum them up in the anxiety to reject any notion which might be suspected of metaphysical or religious tendencies, and to retain those that may be regarded as strictly positive and scientific.

In this sense, the concept of right seems quite satisfactory, because it has the aspect of a mathematical concept and lends itself excellently to definition and deduction. Indeed, the science of right readily assumes the aspect of a rational science, governed by syllogism.

Are we not here the dupes of appearance? If, as is necessary, we distinguish in the concept of right between form and matter, between the logical element and the real content, shall we be justified in regarding as clear and certain, after the fashion of a scientific doctrine, the doctrine of right as the first principle of politics?

Men have very different ways of conceiving what they call their right. And as the notion of right involves that of exigibility, when a man attributes to himself a right, he imagines that nothing in the world can prevail against the claim he makes regarding this right. It is my right, says one, to have my share of happiness: consequently society must be organized so as to enable this man to call himself happy. Such and such liberties, declares a group of citizens, constitute our right: consequently your laws are bad in so far as they do not secure our possession of these liberties.

What is the ground for the attribution to oneself of any particular right? The question is not always asked, or rather is answered too abruptly. Speaking generally, that which men regard as necessary for their existence, as they conceive it, seems to them to be their right. The evidence of the idea considered in its form is readily transferred to the matter. This tendency of the mind is well known and recognized. It produces the so-called ontological sophism, which, from the evidence of the concept considered logically, infers the objective truth of the content.

Putting on one side the notion of need, whether real or imaginary, or of desire, or of arbitrary will, there is one notion to which

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appeal is constantly made: that of equality. Right, it is claimed, is equal in all men.

What is the meaning of this assertion?

Are you resolved, as you claim to be, to accept none but strictly experimental notions, as the word is interpreted in the positive sciences? If so, the assertion cannot be maintained. Nature offers us no two things equal to each other; the inequality of beings is the very circumstance that results in movement and change, the essential phenomenon of our world. Equality can be conceived of only between the particles of a world that has attained to homogeneity, i.e., to dispersion, immobility and absolute death.

And how could the notion of equality be regarded as given in real life, along with the notion of right? Should not right be measured by value? And is it logical that the ignorant, idle and wicked should have the same rights as the learned, hard working and virtuous?

Assuredly the notion of equality of rights is fine and just; still, it is a special and ideal one. It is neither implied in the concept of right nor imposed by nature. It represents a certain vow, a certain dictate of conscience. And if conscience claims a state of things so opposed to facts, and even, in a way, to the general course of nature, then it means to adopt not the natural point of view, purely and simply, but the strictly moral point of view; it means that, in the moral order of things, all reasonable beings should alike be allowed to act according to reason, and to fulfill their destiny. The notion of equality, as applied to the notion of right, is either purely positive and therefore vain and false, or true and productive, in which case it is specifically moral.

It is the same with the notion of solidarity, by the help of which many think they are able, without abandoning individualism, to decide the individual to come out of his shell and interest himself in his fellow beings. If this notion is interpreted in its strictly positive and objective sense, it is incapable of supplying the rule required of it. Nature indeed offers us relations of solidarity which we cannot escape, at all events not without harm to ourselves. It also creates relations which we, with all

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our might, tend and must tend to dissolve. The solidarity between mother and child cannot be too jealously guarded and cultivated. That of men who are healthy and sick, good and wicked, reasonable and foolish, is an evil which we rightly combat. A living being is partly one with and partly independent of its environment. Civilization is the abolition of innumerable natural solidarities. The solidarity we invoke to determine and direct the notion of right is in reality a moral concept. Morality requires that men should unite and act as members of one body if their efforts are to result in creations more noble, permanent and worthy of humanity, than those of nature left to itself. Therefore it is regarded as a duty that the individual should seek his own development in a form of life which also assures the development of the rest.

The greatest effort that has been made to give a content to the idea of right without having recourse to extra-scientific notions is doubtless that of sociology, which bases right on the general evolution of nations, or even of humanity as a whole.

Evolution, affirm certain sociologists, is not only a fact, it is a principle, because this fact belongs not only to the past, but also controls the future, in its concrete creations, and thus supplies rules of conduct as well as rational classifications of past events.

Naturally we do not dream of disputing the legitimacy and scientific value of the various doctrines of evolution propounded by sociologists. It seems to us, however, that the notion of right dominates over that of evolution and of sociological orientation.

First, however carefully established a law of evolution dealing with human phenomena may be, we do not see how it could be proved that this evolution is strictly inevitable, and that no influence will ever interpose to modify its course.

Then again, without in any way denying that right also implies development, change and progress, do we not recognize that it possesses a rational character which makes it, directly and *per se*, deserving of respect, independently of the evolution with which it may be connected? Reason does not feel itself bound by even the most rigorous deductions of sociology. Before

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it can incorporate the results thereof in its notion of right, it needs itself to appreciate the value of these results, by means of its own norm.

This means that the notion of right, which has become the guiding idea of democracy, acquires a precise and clearly justified content, conformable with the requirements of reason, only if it is reinstated in morality, whence indeed it originated. For, among the Greeks and Romans, it was mainly the expression of this supreme law of justice that was invincibly opposed to the sovereignty of force and arbitrariness. Behind the written laws of right, it was taught that there were the non-written laws of morality. Either to hand over democracy, under the pretext of scientific positivism, to the hazards of the spirit of system and the fury of unbridled passions; or to define, regulate and idealize it, by bringing it under the moral principle: such is our alternative. How can our choice be questionable, once we become thoroughly aware of it?

To fulfill the conditions of the problem, however, morality must be interpreted in its widest sense, one not always given to it.

The Greek philosophers conceived of morality as including politics, no less than industrial life. When Aristotle distinguishes politics from ethics, strictly so-called, he does not set it outside morality. Politics, he says, is a fuller and more perfect morality, which includes individual morality as act includes potency.

In these days, however, the claim is advanced that, as the individual alone possesses a conscience, and the expression of the social or national self can be regarded only as a metaphor, the morality which to all appearance applies only to consciences cannot concern any but individuals. Considering this point of view, some have become alarmed at the idea of isolating the individual in a selfish and unnatural independence. But they think they have done enough to make him quit this isolation, by distinguishing between an abstract or atomic individualism which sets individuals outside one another like so many arithmetical units, and a concrete individualism which finds, in the individual

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himself, tendencies that can develop only if he enters into a relationship with his fellow-beings: this is the principle of so-called solidary morality.

We hasten to acknowledge that these systems impose arbitrary restrictions on morality. Why should the limits of morality be those of the individual conscience? Morality is the science of the form that it is fitting to give to human life so that it may realize the human idea as perfectly as possible. Now, is it not manifest that societies, nations and States have characteristics of their own that differentiate them from individuals and comprise forms of perfection of which the individual life is incapable?

What is the principle of political morality? Evidently the idea of national dignity. But what is a nation?

The first type of human society is the family. Besides being few in number, members of the same family are generally very similar to one another: the same blood, language, customs, education and stock of ideas. At the other end of the scale of human societies we find the community which nature has established—or imagination created—between all men, whatever their race or mode of life. In this immense community the differences are extreme, the feeling that one is a single body, so characteristic of the family, no longer exists. Now, it is possible to conceive of a society midway between the family and a world-wide human community: this society would include both the *rapprochement* of men notably different from one another, and the existence of a bond of sympathy, of instinctive affection, resembling that seen in members of a family. How fine and noble would be such a society, combining and reconciling the maximum of love compatible with the maximum of life and variety! It would be the harmonious union of the one and the many, of feeling and reason, the most perfect synthesis possible of nature and art, of what is aptly called that of growth and manufacture. The family is a manifestation of nature. Organizations set up between persons who are strangers to one another are artificial creations. Would not an organization, held together in the happiest proportions by external solidarity and natural affinity, by utility and instinct, be the very masterpiece of the universe?

Given the idea of national dignity as the principle of political

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morality, how are we to define, from the democratic point of view, the two elements of democracy: people and government?

The people can be neither a simple aggregate of individuals independent of one another, nor a transcendent whole, of which these individuals would be only the instruments and passive delegates. For neither of these conceptions corresponds to the idea of the nation as a single and heterogeneous, a natural and instituted whole.

From the democratic point of view, the people must be defined as an *ensemble* of individuals so united to one another that their multiplicity, variety and liberty may comply spontaneously with the conditions of unity, and their unity may guarantee their individuality and liberty. On the one hand, the whole is other than the sum total of the individuals, for it aims at an ideal which the individuals, if left to themselves, could not conceive or else would regard as chimerical. On the other hand, the individuals alone give reality to the whole, which latter must pursue only such ends as are calculated to secure, intensify and ennoble their existence.

The people, therefore, is an entity that is both one and many, a diverse multiplicity of citizens, whose common ideal is the greatness of their country: it is a greater family, one and indivisible, jealously retaining its inheritance of honor, and enabling all its members to enjoy this inheritance. Unity is realized by the devotion of the individuals to the common cause; and the commonweal is the good of each.

Again, from the moral standpoint we can neither uphold the theory of absolute government, obtruding itself on individuals, nor that of the sovereignty inherent in individuals. Whatever its origin or basis, an absolute government, free from all control, is opposed to the very idea of national dignity. Even though this sovereignty be transferred from ruler to citizens as individuals, an individualism which set no limit on the individual's right of self-government would still be nothing less than absolutism.

As a matter of fact, such names as "governor" and "governed" are improper. In a normal State, according to the ancient wisdom, the only real governor is the law: Τίς ἄρξει του ἄρχοντος; ὁ νόμος.

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"Who shall rule him who rules?—The law." The words: "governor" and "governed," should by no means imply a relation of hierarchy, but simply a difference of function. In a sense, every citizen is a governor, in so far as he has a share in making the laws and putting them in force. Governors and governed stand both on an equal footing before the one supreme law of justice. Initiative and obedience: these two qualities are expedient and necessary for all; they contribute to the power, the prosperity and the dignity of all. Whether we consider State or individuals, to govern oneself in its true meaning is not to govern oneself according to one's personal ideas or desires, but rather according to the dictates of justice and truth. In carrying through such an ideal, the close coöperation of State and individuals, organization and liberty, art and nature, is indispensable.

And if we enlarge our conception of democracy, and endeavor to apply it to leagues of nations, we reach similar conclusions.

The nations that joined such a league could be regarded neither as self-sufficing individuals with a right to absolute independence, nor as simple instruments of a central sovereign power. Here, too, there must be a mutual harmonious relationship between the whole and the parts, between organization and liberty. Evidently, however, the Whole, the one, the community, has in this case far less reality and possesses a far more restricted right than in a well established and firmly constituted nation, whose political organization is strengthened by common traditions and aspirations, by instinctive sympathy and a profound moral unity. We can only conceive of an international democracy as a relative *rapprochement* between certain nations, on the ground of justice and common interests.

Such, determined according to its moral principle, is the general idea of democracy. Once this point of view is adopted, the difficulties mentioned regarding notions of right, equality or solidarity, the practical value of the data of history or sociology, immediately vanish. The notion of right regains all its precision, authority and sanctity once the true moral right is clearly distinguished from the arbitrary claims of groups, parties, individuals or classes. Besides, in determining the notion of right, the ideas of equality and solidarity offer us substantial support if

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they express the ideal conceived by reason, and do not claim to base on scientific principles ambitions which indeed often represent only passions or appetites.

On the other hand, history, and sociology in so far as it is truly scientific, supply politics with indispensable data, and appear as guides, whose directions could not be too attentively followed, when the mind contemplates and criticizes their teachings in the light of ideal justice.

Human institutions are an adaptation of fact to idea. This adaptation is possible only with a knowledge of both terms. Reason throws light for us upon idea; history and sociology supply us with fact.

To sum up, the notion of democracy, in itself, is a formal and abstract notion. It means: the people governing itself. This expression possesses a serious and lofty signification only when understood in its moral acceptation. Taken literally, it does not indicate whether the people on whom is conferred the free disposal of itself must regard justice or its own fancy as law. Democracy, if it is to be worthy of its classic renown, presupposes the democratic spirit. Form is nothing apart from substance; external freedom, absence of constraint, is beneficent and permissible only in so far as he who enjoys it is amenable to the moral freedom of the soul and anxious to possess it.

Such has been the doctrine of humanity ever since man has existed as a thinking being, for these ideas find their expression in almost identical terms both in classic lore and in Christian teaching.

EMILE BOUTROUX.

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BURROUGHS AS ORNITHOLOGIST

BY NORMAN FOERSTER

If it was Emerson who gave the young John Burroughs a new attitude toward nature and Whitman who gave him a new attitude toward all of life, it was Audubon who opened to him the delights of ornithology. Years before, while rambling with his brother in the "Deacon woods" one Sunday, he had seen vividly, in a flash, a bird later assumed to be the blue yellow-backed warbler, and suddenly realized, as most farm boys never do, what undreamt wonders surrounded him. Still, he did nothing till the spring preceding his move to Washington, when, teaching school near West Point, he happened upon the works of Audubon. "I took fire at once. It was like bringing together fire and powder." By contagion he now felt something of the ardor of Audubon on bleak Labrador, "happier than any king ever was," or on shipboard, "nearly cured of his seasickness when a new gull appears in sight." With the help of Audubon and of a collection of mounted birds at the Academy, he took up the exploration of the newly-discovered realm. Of the countless birds that the farm-boy passes by nor cares to see, the first that he identified was the red-eyed vireo, plain monotonous singer of the village treetops, who so kindled his enthusiasm that before the close of the season he had named a dozen other birds, including a hooded warbler that printed its image ineffaceably on his youthful mind.

At once he was filled with a desire to communicate his delight to others. Early that same autumn he began his first ornithological paper, "The Return of the Birds," which he completed after reaching Washington. It became the first chapter of his first book (not counting his preliminary study of Whitman in 1867) *Wake-Robin*, published in 1871, a book that, despite its immaturities, has perhaps a more lasting charm than any of the

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long series of volumes that followed it. For the first time in his life this "home body" was far from his native woods and mountains,—so far that nature wore a novel and not altogether friendly aspect,—and he was in a city, where he confesses that he never felt quite at ease. But if not contented in his new environment, he had acquired a perspective and an emotional impetus that, with his ornithological fervors, made possible the delightful essays that he now wrote. Seated at his desk before an iron wall, he lived over again, as he wrote, the life of his childhood and youth in the Catskill region; the mountains, the woods, the sloping farm, the home life, the adventures afield, all came back to him with a vividness they had not possessed when he was among them. He gave a chapter to the bees, one to the speckled trout, one to the strawberries, one to the bluebird, one to the birds of the hemlock forests: themes to which he returned with diminishing frequency in later volumes. If the accumulating years brought him an equanimity suited to the uses of science and philosophy, they more and more quenched the emotional buoyancy that characterizes *Wake-Robin*. The passion for home, indeed, increased if anything, but whereas in his later years it made Burroughs passively retrospective, in *Wake-Robin* and other early books it supplied the themes of his essays and suffused them with feeling.

The dominant home theme of *Wake-Robin* is indicated in the first sentence of the preface: "This is mainly a book about the Birds." Fifty years later, he was more attentive to "The Friendly Rocks" of his native countryside, and out West he stated that the rocks attracted him so much more than the birds that he had a raging "geologic fever." But the ornithological excitement with which his career began was perhaps more nearly a fever, and it certainly produced more notable results. What interested him most in ornithology, he says in the same preface, was "the pursuit, the chase, the discovery"—it was an adventure, an active, not a brooding passion like his absorption in geology, akin to his boyhood hunting and fishing and sugar-making. On the one hand his zest for life and action; on the other, the abounding life of the bird—"a bird," he wrote in one of his first books, "seems to be at the top of the scale, so

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vehement and intense is his life,—large-brained, large-lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song": like a poet, in short, or a boy. There were the pouring hosts of passenger pigeons, for instance, transforming the scene overnight: "The naked woods are suddenly blue as with fluttering ribbons and scarfs, and vocal as with the voices of children"; or, as he described them nearly a half century later, using the same images flashed upon his sensitive youthful brain: "Often late in March, or early in April, the naked beech-woods would suddenly become blue with them, and vocal with their soft, childlike calls; or all day the sky would be streaked with the long lines or dense masses of the moving armies." There was the winter wren, darting in and out of fence and brush, the loved blue-bird "with the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back" dropping out of heaven on a bright March morning, an elusive voice in the first weeks and only later the cheery caroller of the fence stake; the early robins, taking possession of field and grove, rustling the wood leaves with their whirring wings, leaping and sweeping everywhere, singing at sunset from the stark treetops a simple strain that melted the winter more effectually than the sun and the south wind; the phoebe at intervals describing an artistic ellipse in the air; the flicker—"an old favorite of my boyhood"—shouting and laughing in excess of strength; the polygamous cowbird gurgling to the delight of his mates; the skulking vesper sparrow; the field sparrow, the white-eyed vireo, the wood thrush, the hermit thrush, the veery, the catbird, the pewee, the hen-hawk. He loved them all with a poet's love for beauty and a farm-boy's affection for home; the plants rooted to the ground, the dead soil and rocks that meant chiefly hard labor, were in comparison unmeaning. Some of the happiest hours of John Burroughs's life, one may well surmise, were those in which he saw the familiar bird-life of the farm transfigured by a new enthusiasm, and described it in rambling essays in the intervals allowed by his government clerical work. How he made them live! Without literary talent of the first order, he often rivalled Thoreau in his power of interpretative description. He had keen senses, especially the sharp eyes and discriminating ear requisite in

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ornithology.[1] Inferior to Thoreau in literary talent, he equalled him in ocular and surpassed him in oral perceptiveness, and he exercised this perceptiveness more objectively than did Thoreau. In these matters, too, he was easily superior to the great American ornithologists themselves, including Audubon, who had a seeing eye but a dull ear. No one, certainly, has caught so surely and transcribed so adequately the forms and the qualities of bird songs.

In recent years an unceasing effort has been made by ornithologists to describe the songs of birds with something like scientific precision; so to describe the bird itself is easy, but the song is baffling. Since few birds sing in accordance with the intervals of the diatonic scale, and few sing without using notes quite indeterminate in pitch, since in short, birds do not use an exact musical instrument like the piano, the form of description recently in favor—the musical staff—has led to a small amount of success and a great deal of distortion and absurdity. Burroughs wisely resorted to a more fruitful means, a combination of literal transcript and interpretative description, in the manner of Thoreau. In *Wake-Robin* alone are innumerable happy examples. The harsh song of the dickcissel, one of his Washington acquaintances, he set down as: *fscp, fscp, fee fee fee.* Of the black and white warbler's song, he says, his "fine strain reminds me of hair-wire." Of the black-throated blue warbler:

> Beyond the Barkpeeling, where the woods are mingled hemlock, beech, and birch, the languid midsummer note of the black-throated blue-back falls on my ear. "Twea, twea, twea-e-e!" in the upward slide, and with the peculiar *z-ing* of summer insects, but not destitute of a certain plaintive cadence. It is one of the most languid, unhurried sounds in all the woods. I feel like reclining upon the dry leaves at once.

Of the ovenbird, renamed the teacher-bird through the following accurate description:

> Commencing in a very low key, which makes him seem at a very uncertain distance, he grows louder and louder till his body quakes and his chant runs into a shriek, ringing in my ear with a peculiar sharpness. This may be rep-

[1] Yet he was extraordinarily slow in identifying, for example, the singer of a flight-song he heard constantly—the ecstatic vespertine warble of the ovenbird. "For nearly two years," he says, "this strain of the pretty walker was little more than a disembodied voice to me, and I was puzzled by it as Thoreau by his mysterious night-warbler."

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resented thus: "Teacher, *teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER, **TEACHER!**"—the accent on the first syllable and each word uttered with increased force and shrillness.

Of the vesper sparrow, the poet of the pastures:

Go to those broad, smooth, uplying fields where the cattle and sheep are grazing, and sit down in the twilight on one of those warm clean stones, and listen to this song. On every side, near and remote, from out the short grass which the herds are cropping, the strain rises. Two or three long, silver notes of peace and rest, ending in some subdued trills and quavers, constitute each separate song. Often you will catch only one or two of the bars, the breeze having blown the minor part away. Such unambitious, quiet, unconscious melody! It is one of the most characteristic sounds in nature. The grass, the stones, the stubble, the furrow, the quiet herds, and the warm twilight among the hills, are all subtly expressed in this song; this is what they are at last capable of.

One more: the hermit thrush, whose strain, as Burroughs rightly says, is the finest sound in all nature:

It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. "O spheral, spheral!" he seems to say, "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the tanager's or the grosbeak's; suggests no passion or emotion,—nothing personal,—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments.

I have not hesitated to multiply instances, because in such writing John Burroughs is certainly at his best. Through such accurate and sympathetic description, in which, often, each word has a special service, he has given us a chorus of American singing birds unequalled in numbers and charm. There are better pages of natural description in Thoreau, but they are few. Whoever would enjoy acquaintance with our song-birds cannot afford to ignore the pages of *Wake-Robin* and some of its successors. If, as one reads the later volumes, the birds one by one lapse into silence, to give place to disquisitions on biology and the world in general, a few still sing with the old charm; the "sweet, quavering ribbon of song" that the white-throat whistles, the "fine strain, like that of some ticking insect" of the blackpoll in the spring, enliven the sluggish speculations of even so late a volume

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as *Field and Study*. The birds are never far away, even in the work of old age, and when they come they are sure to sing. It is curious how little description of the bird itself one finds, or of its habitual manners, how promptly he makes it give utterance. "What is a bird without a song?" he asks in *Wake-Robin*. "It seems to me that I do not know a bird till I have heard its voice; then I come nearer to it at once, and it possesses a human interest to me." At bottom, it was this human interest that he valued; not the bird itself, but its expression in another language, a musical language, a language of the poets, of human moods and aspirations. The birds gave voice to his own youthful emotions. They were himself. As they absented themselves more and more from his life, he was proportionately forsaking his own earlier and more poetic self.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

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THE SIMPLICITY OF WAR

BY VERNON KELLOGG

THE longer we have peace the more enviable seems war—in some ways.

War has its drawbacks: men get killed, women and children starve; everybody pays, even those who get paid.

But war has its advantages also. It seems to clear our minds, making us able to see straight forward. It seems to strengthen our wills and our courage, making us able to move straight forward. It makes things simpler even if it makes them bigger. We are able to do things in war-time; we seem unable to do things when peace comes. We seem unable to see straight, think straight, act straight.

Really my title should be the "complexity of peace." That is what I am thinking of when I say the "simplicity of war." War, which is supposed to bring complexity, brought us to simplicity and directness of thought and action. Peace, which should bring simplicity, has brought us to a perfect maze of complexity. But we can't afford to have war all the time for the sake of enabling us to think and act simply and directly. It is absolutely necessary to pull ourselves together and learn to make peace the blessing it is supposed to be, instead of the curse it has been ever since November 11, 1918.

How splendidly we triumphed over the weak and worst parts of us during the war, and behaved as the best parts of us dictated! For nation, for country, for people, for ideals, and not for ourselves, or our party, or our vanity: that is how we were guided in our struggles in war. How are we guided and how are we behaving in our struggles in peace? We are ashamed to answer honestly. We hardly dare to sit down to a cool analysis and appraisement of our behavior in peace. By "we" I mean all of us of Europe and America, or what we call the world.

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What confusion, what avarice, what littleness, what hesitation, what blindness! Human kind in the persons of its most civilized, most educated peoples is presenting an edifying spectacle to the lowly and barbarous tribes sitting in the benches around the arena. It must sadden even the anthropoids when they reflect that out of their stock have come these human end-products of millions of years of evolutionary effort. The apes must wonder why Mother Nature didn't stop with apes!

Where are the great men to lead us? Where is the single great man anywhere in the world to see clearly for us and tell us what and how to do? Or is it that the emergency is too great for any man or men? I suppose it is really possible for situations to arise in human life which are too great and difficult for human capacity to meet. Many men believe that there are irresistible influences determining human history that are quite beyond human power to modify. If the present appalling situation is the inevitable consequence of the working of such influences, then all there is to do is, in effect, to do nothing. We can only sit as fatalists with folded hands while the storm rages, and hope that when it has passed there will be something tolerable left to live for.

But most of us prefer to make a struggle for life even in the midst of cyclone or earthquake. For those who have this preference it is high time to struggle. For it seems, and seems more clearly every day, that a world cataclysm is impending; is, indeed, already roaring about us. What shall we do?

Let us abandon generalization in our reference to the world trouble and be a little more specific. Let us consider some of the details that have helped to produce the trouble and some of the features which the many-faced trouble now presents.

I shall never forget the anxious faces of the responsible men in Eastern Europe during the days after the Armistice when the wise men of the victorious Great Powers were sitting in Peace Conference in Paris. As the days passed without any formulation of definitions of new nations, or delimitation of boundaries issuing from the guarded chamber where sat the gods on whose knees rested the fate of nations, the faces outside revealed ever growing anxiety. Swiftness and definiteness of action, based on

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clear judgment and wise charity, were what the world was praying for. Those prayers were unanswered.

In the meantime the peoples got out their old maps, read the history of their countries. They studied, from their own angles, ethnography and economics. The fatal will o' the wisp of "self-determination," released with other troubling things from the Pandora box that somebody opened, was having its alluring way with these peoples. They convinced themselves of where the rightful boundaries should be, and began massing, in casual but dangerous way, riflemen and machine guns along these self-determined boundaries. Soon they were shooting at each other across the barbed wire and trenches of these boundaries, because each people saw its neighbors making wrong boundaries. The period of the twenty-three post-Armistice wars began.

Incidentally there were troubles inside as well as along the boundaries. People were starving and freezing. Politicians were playing politics. Agents of Bolshevism were pointing the way out of trouble—by creating more trouble.

But all of these things have happened, and are now irrevocable. During their occurrence, and as part of the cause of it, came the disillusionment of people and leaders with regard to the aims of the victorious Powers sitting in the seat of judgment. Not alone was the Peace Conference too late in acting; it was not reassuring when it did act. And it devised the fatal plebiscite system. Poland found that its boundaries, when they were finally—and much too late—determined by the Peace Conference, consisted almost entirely of trenches and plebiscites. The Allied and Associated Powers told Poland by formal message and ultimatum to stop fighting, but by informal suggestion these Powers, or some of them, incited her to go on fighting. Not all of Poland's present trouble and the trouble she brings to the world is of Poland's making or is Poland's fault. Some of it is.

Austria came out of the Paris conference-room doomed to perpetual mendicancy. Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia came out doomed to continuing internal difficulties, Hungary and Greece to continuing external embroilment, and Germany to bear for a full generation a load of debt mathematically calculated to do

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everything just short of actually breaking the camel's back. I think she deserved it, although it is hard to see children damned for their fathers' iniquities. But that is not only the law of man, but of Nature.

England came out of that chamber with an increased and enduring empire problem, and France with an enduring military one. Japan came out with a piece of China—bought at the price of national dishonor unless she makes her word good by return of the booty. And, finally, America came out absolutely bewildered. That was more than two years ago. She is still bewildered.

These are some of the complexities that peace has brought us. As we all live together at the same time in the same world, a world knit together by radiograms and cables, and by ocean liners and railway cars full of mails and passengers and goods, each people's complexities become in some degree the complexities of us all. Added thus together there are enough complexities to fill our eyes and ears and brains to the exclusion of all comfort and leisure and peace of mind. We have peace in that we are no longer—at least, all of us—at war, but we have no peace of mind or soul.

Now in this disturbing, and even terrifying, situation the United States finds itself in a very special position, involving a special opportunity, and because of it, if for no other reason, a special responsibility. We can apparently do more than any other country to bring about some amelioration of the situation. Hence we ought to do it.

We are not bankrupt: some, if not most, of the other nations are. We are the heavy creditor of all of them, but we do not actually need prompt, or even any, payment of their debts to us in order to carry on with decent comfort. We might enjoy, for a moment, having these debts paid, but it seems highly probable that an attempt at actual payment by our debtors—of course only one or two of them could even make the attempt—might easily make things worse for us by still further postponing the time when Europe can buy from us what we need so much to sell her. I believe it would not require much figuring to show that the losses of our producers mount up so rapidly with every day and week of delay in resuming our world trade—and our

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exports are now steadily falling—that a surprisingly short postponement would lose us more than the outright gift to our debtors of the ten billion they owe us. Anyway, ten billion would be a cheap price to pay for some surcease from the present troubles of peace. Besides, it would buy us great merit.

It is hackneyed, but true, to say that the world looks to us for leadership in this matter of bringing some simplicity into this troublous time of peace; some directness, some disinterested activity—I may almost say, some honesty. The people, the little people, of Europe still believe in us. They believed enormously in us during the war; they still have some belief in us left. What is said of us by the tired and cynical statesmen in the European capitals need not worry us. The mass of the European people still have faith, and see their hope, in us.

I shall never forget an experience in 1919 in Slovakia. We were a little group of Americans, a Hoover food mission to Poland, working a difficult way from Paris to Warsaw. We were making that part of our journey which led from Vienna north to Cracow, and were passing through Slovakia. In some way, word had preceded our coming, and each little Slovak station we passed had a few American flags out. But as we neared a larger town, the largest through which we were to pass before reaching the Polish frontier, we could see at the station a perfect riot of bunting and flags, Czecho-Slovakian and American intermingled. And there was a great crowd and a band vigorously playing something familiar; it sounded much like the *Star Spangled Banner*. And as our train slowed down before the cheering crowd we saw a central group of long-coated, top-hatted gentlemen. It looked distressingly like a reception.

Now, a reception in Slovakia seemed to contain prospects of embarrassment. For we were a relief mission to Poland, not to Slovakia, and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia were already warmly debating with each other, to the point of rifle and machine gun fire, over the Teschen coal mines. So I told our interpreter to hurry off and explain things briefly and to get the train moving as quickly as possible. But he soon got aboard again, accompanied by one of the top-hatted group, the mayor of the town, who insisted on saying a few words to me.

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I tried to forestall his remarks by rapidly explaining the situation and urging him to call off the performance.

"But," he persisted, "you are the food mission, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, "we are the food mission. But we are the food mission *to Poland*. We can't do anything for Slovakia."

"But," he still persisted, in broken French, "you are the Americans, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "we are the Americans all right. But we are going to . . ."

"Never mind," he interrupted, much relieved. "You are the Americans." And he stepped to the glassless car window and waved his hand to the band, which became promptly more violent, and to the crowd, which redoubled its cheering. And the introductions were made and the speeches were spoken, and we were finally sent on our way with good wishes and God's blessings —to arrange for relief for an enemy country! But we were "the Americans"!

That was in 1919. But in 1920 it was the same, and I have every reason to believe that it is the same in 1921. If it is, we are the people whose pronouncement or action in international affairs would be most likely to be accepted as dictated by disinterestedness and philanthropy. Hence they would have a higher sanction than those of any other people. We are, I truly believe, the nation on which depends the initiation of the healing of the present critical world sickness. We are the physician called in the night. The ethics of his profession require the physician to respond. He cannot hesitate. The remedies first needed in this case are stimulants, for the patient is nearly *in extremis*.

These stimulants so sorely needed by Europe are money, credit, generous commercial relations, an attitude of encouragement, an active friendly interest. With these first remedies applied, Europe should be able to call again on her own powers of recuperation, and make a natural recovery. But without these stimulants Europe seems hopeless—not merely parts of Europe, but all of Europe. Political boundaries do not mean much when an epidemic or an earthquake is happening. Across and through these boundaries the nations of Europe have myriad connections, especially, and most importantly, economic con-

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nections. Not only that, but these economic threads that tie all Europe together extend also across the Atlantic and tie all Europe to us and us to all Europe. They are perfectly visible, and they are unbreakable. We can never again sit, even if we want to, in splendid isolation; any more than England can. So we would do well to make the best of our "entangling alliances," our economic relations, with the rest of the world.

An interesting feature connected with the need of extending our help to Europe is that this philanthropy is just now probably the most important thing needed for our own salvation—not moral, but business and economic salvation. We are a nation of producers and exporters. But with no foreign outlet for our production, we face great danger to ourselves. This is our present difficulty. With a greatly stimulated production, and yet with high wages, high rates of railway transportation, high taxes, and the need of immediate and high returns for our products, and our foreign outlet blocked by Europe's inability to buy, we have to face the necessity of seeing our farmers in despair, our factories shut down, our railways moving toward bankruptcy, and our roll of unemployed growing day by day.

At the same time, Europe is trying frantically to sell to us. Our producers have sharp competition even for their home market. While the adverse rate of exchange prevents purchase from us, it enables Europe to produce cheaply at home and sell cheaply over here. In addition, the Governments of Europe assist the European producer and exporter to keep busy by various ingenious supporting tactics, and even help their buyers to control, in some measure, the overseas prices of our own exports by concentrating purchases in the hands of Governments or trade combinations.

It is a sad mess, and apparently it is getting more so, largely because of our own indecision and delay in positive action. Why can we not act as we acted in war-time? Decision and action are the special characteristics for which we claim distinction. To decide and do: that is American. Well, let us be American.

VERNON KELLOGG.

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A VISIT TO LADY GREGORY

BY SIGNE TOKSVIG

To get from Dublin to Coole Park, the home of Lady Gregory, one normally takes a train from Dublin to Athenry, and another from Athenry to Gort, the village nearest to Coole. But times were not exactly normal in Ireland when my husband and I visited it last summer, and when we got to Athenry we were confronted by the blank fact that for two months or so no trains had been running to Gort. Why? This was a rhetorical question. We knew very well that armed policemen must have been trying to travel on that train, and that the engineer had excused himself for an indefinite period, and that we had better find a Ford. We found one. It was very rickety and full of unwieldy first-aid-to-the-injured-auto things, but Gort was twenty miles away, and hope and beauty had long since left Athenry, and so we squeezed in and began to bump over stony Connaught.

It is very like stony New England, except for the important fact that the Pilgrim, after all, had a good-sized field when he had picked the stones off it and set them up as boundaries, whereas some of these "fields" of Connaught were no larger than vegetable beds, it seemed to me, and yet the stones were piled high around them. Still, the sun shone a little, and in the pale light of rainy summer this gray-green landscape had its own wistful charm. Here and there, too, the madder-red of a Galway petticoat gleamed in a small yellow cornfield, and girls let their sickles fall to look at us. The country grew more lonely and more wild. The little fields choked under the stones. Sheep strayed about, and long-legged, ravenous pigs. No country estate was visible, and the sun was failing. Then we saw a long stretch of high gray stone wall and a mass of gloomy trees behind it. But this was Tillyra, we were told, and we knew it for the Norman retreat of Edward Martyn, famous in his own right as a playwright, and also as a large part

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of George Moore's *Ave atque Vale*. We were later to visit him, with Lady Gregory, but now we thought only of Coole Park, and here suddenly it was—gray stone wall, venerable trees, and a quick, dark-haired woman to open the lodge gates. For what seemed to me a long while we drove through the park, still and lovely and darkening in the twilight. After another gate the thick leaves met overhead, and water dripped somewhere in a dim ravine. I had begun to feel that our car was violating Faery, when we drove into a great open meadowy place with haystacks on it, and in the centre, a tall, white, square, unromantic house.

Outside was a little black figure welcoming us. This was Lady Gregory, and as I had never seen her before, I noticed her fresh complexion, bright penetrating brown eyes, white hair black-veiled, slight tendency to stoutness, black mourning clothes and little black silk apron. She was most cordial, even to me, the unknown marital adjunct of a man whom she knew and liked, and we went into the tall white house.

Now there is one advantage in being young and unimportant and a marital adjunct, and this is that if one is silent, nobody notices. The conversation of the principals goes right on. And meanwhile one is left free to make observations. This inestimable advantage I had most of the time I was at Coole Park, and it thrilled me. Seriously. In an otherwise drab college course on the "drama," the great discoveries had been Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory,—*Riders to the Sea*, *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, and *The Rising of the Moon*. And here I was free and alone to explore this house, the very hearth where Irish revival had warmed itself.

The drive had been cold, and I sat close to the fire while the principals exchanged comment on absent friends. Lady Gregory wanted to know about John Quinn, and probably she found out, but I looked at the dark, tall, rich room, lit by fluttering candles. Her beautiful warm voice and easy manner went well with this library. The room had been accumulated in no frantic haste. One could imagine its growth from generation to generation until its present opulent age,—worn oriental rugs and curtains, walls of books in old gilt-leather bindings, solid furniture with

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the sheen of years, and fading red damask coverings. And paintings of frilled men, carvings, statuettes, miniatures, and a real lock of Napoleon's hair under his miniature next to the fireplace.

In the dining-room there was a splendid Zurbaran monk, and that was all I noticed until, candle in hand, Lady Gregory led me up the wide stairs to my room. The walls above the stairs were covered with sketches by Augustus John and Jack Yeats, and rows of eminent, engraved Englishmen who had been members of a famous breakfast club to which Sir William Gregory had belonged. They looked almost incredibly mild, dignified, and benevolent. Altogether different was an aggressive little sketch of Lady Gregory by Augustus John, far from flattering, but one which I could see represented something in her character —an angular fighting mood, which probably has carried her through many a storm at the Abbey Theatre. Not that I know that there ever have been any storms at the Abbey; this is only a supposition of mine, drawn from long observation of other small groups working together for the betterment, artistic or political, of their community.

Lady Gregory left me in my room with the casual remark that the Shaws (G. Bernard) always had this room, and that he might have been there at that very moment if he hadn't had to go to Parknasilla in Kerry. I think it was Parknasilla, but I felt with a reverential thrill that at least an epigram of his might still be lurking in the black shadows made blacker by my trembling candle. It was a cavernous room. I barely saw tapestried chairs and books and a huge white-frilled canopied bed. There were roses on a white dressing table. I went to open a window. It opened on the thickest, darkest, chilliest, quietest night that ever was since the creation of night. The darkness stole into the room and buried my candle, and the silence made my thoughts seem loud. I knew then why poets come to Coole.

The quietude of Coole I shall always remember. During the week I was there it seemed to me ludicrous to believe that the crossing of Broadway and Sixth Avenue was in the same world. Through the big house the maids moved almost unseen and always unheard. With one exception. One night after dinner

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we were sitting in the library, and, unbelievable as it seemed, there were human voices coming from the dining-room. Lady Gregory got up, opened the door softly, and looked in. She said nothing, only looked for an instant, but that conversation stopped as if cut off with a knife. This was the only time we saw our hostess as a grande dame. Otherwise she was as simple and friendly with her servants as she was with the farmers roundabout, with her friends and with her guests. But she couldn't tolerate the breaking of the seal of silence. For one who wasn't doing creative work, Coole was almost uncomfortably quiet. I came near to a feeling of relief one morning when I heard from Lady Gregory's work-room a certain staccato sound that I knew well, and learned that she wrote her plays on a typewriter, and not, as I in my innocence had supposed, with a swan's quill.

That afternoon I found the garden. The rare glow of sunshine lay on the high gray walls, hung with yellow drooping roses and reddening vines and waxy white flowers. A broad shadowed walk ran the length of the wall. There was an enchanting vista of it from the garden gate. I went slowly along, crushing rosemary between my fingers, and wondering at the dark groups of stately Irish yews. At the end of the garden I found a gate in the wall, a big, old, rusty and green gate through which I peered at a wet wilderness of trees and mossy stones. One path plunged into it, but I couldn't tease the gate open. So I turned, and behind me, under a huge tree, I found a little graveyard. At least I found three pathetic small headstones—one for "Poor Little Prinnie," dead in 1800, another for "Trim," and another for "Gyp." I sentimentalized a bit. Up the garden, on the other side I discovered a sort of shrine of dark bending boughs and clustering ivy screening a Roman bust—Virgil, I thought, or Quintus Horatius Flaccus, set there by eighteenth century admiration. A little further on I met Lady Gregory, red-cheeked, brown-eyed, black-robed, with a nice housewifely basket on her arm. She gave me a bunch of grapes. Encouraged by this into asking questions, I said, "Would you mind telling me the history of that bust over there?" "Not at all," she answered, "that's a bust of Maecenas. We used to have him in the little bathroom

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downstairs, and got very tired of him there, and so we put him outside." Well, there wasn't much romance here, and I tried the little graveyard. "Oh, that's where my husband's mother used to bury her pug-dogs. She was very fond of pug-dogs." I dropped the attempt to discover Romance for myself.

Lady Gregory was a better guide. She took me first to her "autograph tree," a big copper-beech, not very coppery, but blessed beyond all other trees in a trunk full of monograms that cover the whole Irish literary revival. I cannot remember them all. There was "G. B. S." for George Bernard Shaw,—the boldest letters of them all,—and a modest "J. M. S." for Synge, a "W. B. Y." for Yeats, a "J. B." and a small donkey for his brother Jack, a "D. H." for Douglas Hyde, an "A. E." for George Russell, a new white "L. R." for Lennox Robinson, an "A. J." for Augustus John, and others and others and others.

Then we went to the big gate at the end of the garden, and in it there was a little door that I hadn't seen before, and near the door hung a large key, and the key opened the door. We were in the Seven Woods of Coole.

It had rained all summer, and masses of foliage clung together, dripping, overgrown. Black wet branches, patched with livid fungi, twisted before us, and mosses and ferns ran in thick waves over the path, over stones, over every fallen tree. It was an orgy of greens and rotting browns. And the stillness was deeper than night. I began to glance covertly at Lady Gregory, and tried to think of Yeats's—

> I know of the leafy paths that the witches take,
> Who come with their crowns of pearl and their spindles of wool,
> And their secret smile, out of the depths of the lake. . . .

She had said she was going to take me down to the lake, and she was talking about wool. But it was wool in the form of twenty-four fleeces. They and some carriage blankets had been stolen from a loft not long ago. "And did you go to the police?" I inquired idly, pricking up my ears quickly enough when she said, "Oh no, I went to the Sinn Fein Volunteers, and in a week they had caught the thief and restored the things. Now I have asked them to find out who took a wire fence I'd recently set up." I

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wanted to ask many more questions about Republican Ireland, but I knew she preferred not to talk "politics."

Instead, she talked forestry. Lady Gregory cares for the seven woods in a very practical way, and she showed me groves of young trees and saplings she had had planted. "Nearly all my book royalties grow into trees," she said. I liked the commonsense streak in her. Gradually I was beginning to find that she kept herself in no aesthetic citadel, that the hospitality of her mind was as generous as her house. I began to see that a poet could also be a wise and straightforward human being; something which before had only seemed true of A. E. She talked of America, without a taint of even benevolent condescension, and with a surprising affection. "I had to go over there just before Christmas, and I hated to spend the holidays away from my family on the rough, cold, gray Atlantic, and in a new country; and then the people over there amazed me by taking me into their homes, and being so kind to me that I shall never forget it."

It began to be a long walk through the wet strange woods, and I saw no lake, but this I forgot when she mentioned Yeats, and told me how he had come there year after year, bringing the very people who needed Coole. That, naturally, she didn't say, still it is apparent what wild, simple, lovely Connaught has done for the work of Jack Yeats, for instance, who was painting conventional sweet pictures of Devonshire before his brother brought him to Coole. She told me—and this somehow made the woods enchanted—that Synge had liked to run through them and by the lake for hours and hours.

Very soon after, we came to the lake.

It is long and rather narrow, and the woods recede a little from it, leaving a green strand with a path lightly marked on moss and grasses. Far out, sailing around dark islets, I saw the wild swans of Coole, shy guests of every autumn. On another walk when I was alone and could indulge myself I picked up two of their white curling feathers, making the mean excuse to myself of needing souvenirs. I don't know where they are now, but I remember finding them at the sombre edge of the woods, and peering in and being afraid to go further, because I had the property of the swans in my pocket and the green stillness was

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faintly threatening. If I must confess it, I ran all the way home, with a sudden black squall chasing at my heels in what seemed to me a very personal manner. Luckily, I didn't have to run through the woods, since on the first walk Lady Gregory took me home by a short cut through the fields. Let those who want to, laugh,—after an experience I had on a fairy island in Kerry I make apologies to no one.

The next day I was alone in the high silent library with my hostess. Until then she had treated me with exquisite courtesy and consideration, but strictly as a member of the general category "guest." Now, in her quick way, she left her desk and sat down next me. As her bright brown eyes fixed mine I felt myself changing from a guest to an individual. "Tell me what you have done, and what you are going to do," she said, and the tone of her voice completed the change in me. It was warm and kind, and uncomfortably full of concentration on me—not on me as the inoffensive marital adjunct of a visiting friend, but me as a body expected to answer for my real self. I don't mean by this that her tone held me up and demanded the immediate unfolding of my soul, as I was once held up by a wealthy suburban woman who asked me loudly in front of a number of people, "Now come, what's your specialty? Tell me all about yourself and what your specialty is." Both times I felt uneasy at being dragged from a decent obscurity, but the causes were entirely different. Before the achievements of Lady Gregory one had a right to shrink from uncovering the disordered perfunctoriness of one's own past and future. And then she showed me that dispelling uneasiness was another of her achievements. I realized how it is that she has become a recorder of the withdrawn songs and legends of the "thatched houses," and how it is that she learned their speech, not only Gaelic, but their cadenced, colored English, "the Gaelic construction, the Elizabethan phrases," the quick turn and fresh invention. I felt—as farmers, stone-cutters, workhouse wards, beggars must have felt—that here was a woman without mockery, a human being in whom there was the safety of kindness, and a keen simplicity of interest that warranted understanding. Those who have read her own creative works and compilations of Irish poetry, history and legend, and who

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know the Irish peasant, will know how faithfully and beautifully she has preserved this amazingly imaginative language. Synge knew it, and learned from her "the dialect he had been trying to master." Yeats knew it, and she collaborated with him in the writing of most of his plays, especially *Cathleen ni Houlihan.*

I can't help quoting from her life of Raftery, a Connaught poet, whose songs she patiently gathered from the memories of the countryside. It is from Raftery's Lament for Thomas O'Daly, a fiddler and piper: "The swans on the water are nine times blacker than a blackberry since the man died from us that had pleasantness on the top of his fingers. His two gray eyes were like the dew of the morning that lies on the grass. And since he was laid in the grave, the cold is getting the upper hand." Lady Gregory says about this poem, "I have been helped to put it into English by a young working farmer, sitting by a turf fire one evening, when his day in the fields was over."

Even in my short stay in the barony of Kiltartan, I heard phrases of delight, fragments of wit and rhythm, that made me wish for a good memory more than anything else has ever done. There was John, Lady Gregory's coachman, and one thing he said I shall never forget. We were driving back from Gort through the leafy twilight of the park, and I tried very cautiously to see how John felt about the fairies. He pooh-poohed them eagerly, almost too eagerly. "Why, Miss, there's no one would go near this place after dark, but many a night I've stayed up with a sick cow and never seen anything in it worse than myself." Then he grew thoughtful, and pointed with his whip to a path that ran up a little hill. "Do you see the rabbits now, and they running up that hill?" I did. "Well," continued John, "there last week, I set a trap for them, and never one of them came near the hill. Then I took it away. And that same night they all came trooping back, till you wouldn't know was it right rabbits were in it!" He paused and laughed a little nervously. Then he said—and this is my prize souvenir: "Would you be knowing a gentleman, I wonder, who used to come here every year to stay with her ladyship? His name was Mr. Yeats. He was always running around in the woods a'snipin' for the fairies."

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Both for that exquisite picture and for many others I am grateful to gentle John Devaney.

The night before we left, I think it was, Lady Gregory read to us from her life of Sir Hugh Lane. I, being ignorant of most English and Irish affairs, really knew nothing about Sir Hugh Lane except that he was a great collector of old masters, and an art dealer, and that he was drowned on the *Lusitania*. I didn't know that he was Lady Gregory's nephew. This relationship disquieted me a little, because In Memoriams, even of strangers, are seldom real. So when she began to read from the proofs my attention was merely polite. This indifference lasted less than a minute. In the first place, Lady Gregory reads so beautifully that one can't help listening to her; in the second place (which really ought to be the first) the *Life of Sir Hugh Lane* is an appealing, adventurous, honest book. I doubt if anything Lady Gregory has ever written is as simple and beautiful as the first chapters describing her sister, Adelaide Persse, her unhappy marriage to Mr. Lane, and the brave youth of the son Hugh. And the story of his self-denials and his successes is almost uncannily interesting. It is an Aladdin romance with a tragic ending.

From that evening we learned clearly that the passion of Lady Gregory is to help preserve and develop the arts of Ireland. What she has done in the literary field is well known; it is not so well known that since her nephew's death she has been trying to carry on his work. He bent his life toward giving Dublin a great museum of art, so that the students of art might have worthy models. On an accidental technicality in his will, London acquired half the masterpieces that were meant for Dublin. Lady Gregory has been working ever since trying to get them back. She told us of her hopes for the Municipal Gallery in Dublin, with its portraits of famous Irishmen of the new generation, and where she also wants portraits of Irishmen who have become famous elsewhere. "Can't you get some American to donate a painting of Peter Dunne?" she asked. And then we talked about the Abbey theatre, and about the all too enchanting idea of having a real Abbey theatre in New York to which the Dublin players could "graduate," so to speak.

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The following day Lady Gregory drove us to Galway, the next stage in our journey. That drive is vivid in my mind. As we went through Gort, she showed us the workhouse, a gray and ivied building, where she had sat many an evening by the turf-fire, quietly listening to such good purpose as *The Workhouse Wards* and many a resurrected poem and legend prove. Soon we left the green fields around Gort and came into a country that was like a world petrified. If the stretch between Athenry and Gort was stony, that between Gort and Burren was stone itself. It was the waste dominion of stone. Hills of it slept in the distance, the fields were great gray sheets of it, and only where it broke into boulders and pebbles a few sheep nibbled faint grass-straws. At long intervals a thatched hut clung to the smooth rock, but for miles we were alone with the hard grayness. And then a miracle happened. A cloudy sunlight shone and all the stone turned to silver. Yet "silver" is too simple a word to use about the soft luminous white of the naked hills that rose before us in long unbroken lines against a sky where blue melted into green above them. That radiance was unearthly, and, partly to come back to earth, I made the sage remark that certainly no life had ever existed on those barren hills, without so much as a suspicion of moss on them. Lady Gregory smiled. "Indeed it has," she said. "Here was a favorite resort of the holy hermits; traces of them have been found on top of the hills."

"What did they have to eat?" I asked brutally, and she answered, "I know what one of them had once," and I begged for the story. The story was that one of the holy men who lived by himself up there in sacred meditation came of very good family. In fact, his brother was a king, King Guaire of Connaught. The saint's name was Marbhan. Now one day the king was sitting down to a particularly good dinner—it was really more in the nature of a banquet, and, being a very kind man as well as a king, he said to his courtiers, "Isn't it the shame of the world that here we sit with a fine dinner before us, and there is my poor brother up in the Burren hills with nothing but watercress and maybe a handful of nuts?" No sooner had he said this than, presto, unseen hands removed the dinner, and in a twinkling

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had it before the saint, who, it is to be hoped, ate it. Imprints of angelic footsteps are still to be seen on the Burren hills.

"You never heard of King Guaire?" Lady Gregory asked. I shook my head. "Why, he was so generous," she said, "that his right arm grew longer than his left, because he stretched it out so often to give alms to the poor. And he was so kind that once when his royal cloak had caught on a bush he couldn't bear to take it away from the bush but left it right there. And he was rewarded for that. He had a great many poets at his court, and the wives of the poets were full of many whims, and sometimes it wasn't easy to fulfil the laws of hospitality. In the middle of winter one poet's wife insisted that she must have some blackberries. The good king sent messengers far and wide, but there were no blackberries to be had. He sent them out again, and this time one of them came back with a basketful. *Where* had he found them? Ah, on a bush covered with the king's own royal cloak, under which they had ripened nicely." And then, as Lady Gregory says in *Saints and Wonders*, where I later found the same story, "then there was no reproach on the King's house."

Soon we were over the hills in Burren, the Atlantic was wide before us, and we rested a while in the pleasant little sea lodge that belongs to Coole Park. Then we drove on through Kinvara and Oranmore to Galway. Often on the road, English military lorries full of soldiers with rifles at the ready made our little car skip for its and our lives, and I saw Lady Gregory's face grow stern. Nobody spoke. In Galway we said good-bye to her.

That week at Coole made many impressions on me, but none deeper than one night when, candle in hand, Lady Gregory was saying good night to me and added: "Now I'm going to say my prayer for the Lord Mayor of Cork. I've said it every evening since he has been on hunger strike. It is the one in the prayer book for a sick person 'when there appeareth small hope of recovery.'" She said this with an expression and a warmth which left me feeling that here was a woman who loved Ireland of the present as well as Ireland of the past. She, also, will have helped make possible the Ireland of the future.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

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FLIVVERING THROUGH BOSNIA

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

ONE by one the fabulous names of the new European geography seem to be becoming more real to the American public. The papers are still a bit uncertain when they refer to the war-born states along the eastern fringe of Europe; people still stutter over the "Czechoslavians" and the "Croathenians" and the "Transylvoks." But on the whole we are growing reconciled to the confusion brought about by the dissolution of the political anachronism known as the Hapsburg Monarchy, to the blossoming of a dozen new names in the gazetteers where only one grew before, and to the other natural fruits of the new era of the self-determination of peoples.

Among the states which are just cutting their eye-teeth none has been regarded with more benevolent interest in this country than Jugoslavia, despite the fact that the Jugoslavs are among the poorest propagandists in Europe and have never been able to put in an interesting light their really thrilling and romantic movement for national freedom and union. That Jugoslavia has overcome this handicap is very largely due to the impression of moderation and far-sightedness made by her delegates at Paris on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, as well as to the fact that some remember (though many forget) that the new state has been formed under the leadership and through the sacrifices of our small ally Serbia, whose devotion to the common cause in the face of every discouragement is one of the brightest and truest pages in the history of the Great War.

As war passions have cooled and the first threats of Jugoslavia's jealous neighbors have simmered down, Prince Alexander has begun to feel free to leave the capital occasionally and give his new countrymen a chance to see what he looks like. His first official visit was to Croatia. The prophets of ill had been busy; it was reported that the Croats, jealous of the prestige of their

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Serb cousins in the new Government, would seize the opportunity of showing their displeasure at the plan of centralized administration which had been evolved. The Prince Regent intended going only as far as three or four towns across the Danube, none of them more than about fifty miles from the capital, but at each place he was met by the Mayor and a deputation from the next town, begging him to visit them and show himself to the people. Before he was through he had been away two weeks instead of three days, and had traveled half across the province.

Then the other day the young ruler set out for his first visit to Bosnia, perhaps the most beautiful and interesting district of his new kingdom, but one of the most backward and troublesome because of its large Moslem population. Anyone who has journeyed down the gorges of that extraordinary country can easily picture the scene,—the narrow-gauge, rack-and-pinion toy train, steaming manfully at snail's pace up the terrific grades of the mountain ridge that forms the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic; the curious little towns, straw-roofed and small-windowed in the Eastern fashion, set apart from the misplaced modern station that only a practical Austrian brain could have designed; the old feudal castles clinging here and there to rocky pinnacles, deserted and decaying save where in a room or two a herdsman has fixed up a rude fireplace and shuttered in the narrow windows.

Around the train carrying the Prince gather the local celebrities, the army "station commander" (for the railways, run in the old days exclusively by Austrian and Magyar officials, still retain many of the same employees and need careful supervision), and a great crowd of flaring-trousered men and heavily veiled ladies, who even in the hottest weather, miraculously seem able to live inside their dingy draperies without undue suffering. Somebody makes a speech; the Prince replies; he is presented with a mass of bouquets by little girls in gaudy but not spotless costume; there is a vast deal of cheering for the united kingdom and the joint victory against the hated oppressors; and amid shouts of *Givio! Givio!* the train puffs off to the next settlement, the men working in the fields snatching off their hats to wave a greeting, their spouses (who seem to do most of the grubby, dirty work)

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hastily pulling their veils back into place and staring out cautiously through the narrow slits remaining.

It is usually forgotten that although Bosnia lies so far north in the Balkan peninsular, the majority of the inhabitants are Moslemized Serbs. Miniature bazaars and ramshackle mosques appear in almost every village. In Sarajevo, the provincial capital, there are over fifty mosques, and the plaintive call to the faithful still sounds out over the city morning and evening. From a perch among the crazily-tilted tombstones, each surmounted with a granite turban, in one of the decaying Turkish graveyards strewn at random high above the city, the cry of the muaddhin at twilight seems an echo of a day unreal and irrevocably remote; the shallow Miljacka far below, rippling over its stony bed and sweeping gaily round the broad bend where the rickety balconies of the city's first houses lean out perilously from the bank, chimes in distantly like a stage accompaniment; Europe seems ten days' journey distant. But though this is Europe and the Twentieth Century, Mohammedanism has not lost its spell, and the religious question is a most difficult one. In the crowd assembled to meet Prince Alexander on his arrival at the Sarajevo station were the Orthodox Metropolitan, the Reiz Ulerman of the Bosnian Musselman Confession, the Chief Rabbi and M. Charitch, the Roman Catholic Bishop, each demanding recognition equally. That the Jugoslav Government is determined to keep the peace and please all the factions represented by these gentlemen is shown by the fact that the day after his arrival the Prince was kept busy attending in turn services in the Orthodox Cathedral, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the Synagogue, besides visiting the Husref Beg Mosque, with its flagged courtyard shaded by an ancient lime. Apparently such impartial catholicity (never characteristic of the Hapsburgs) has awakened great enthusiasm for the new régime throughout Bosnia and the Herzegovine.

Sometimes the conflict between religious duty and worldly interest is severely strained, as in the case of an old man I once passed on a deserted trail in the mountains of northern Bosnia. It was the sunset hour, and he had spread his mat in the centre of the road (to dignify it by the name it bore on the General Staff maps), knowing that not once in a fortnight did a vehicle

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pass that way. It happened that I came along in a Ford, probably one of the few cars that had ever penetrated to that byway, certainly the first seen there since the war. I stopped, so as not to interrupt his devotions, but his amazement at my appearance was too much for him, and he began to gesticulate in the wildest manner and to screech at the top of his voice, so paralyzed by fear, however, that he could not scramble up off his knees. Satisfied at length that my flivver was not a heavenly chariot sent to bear him off to pay penalty for his sins, he wormed himself off to the side of the road,—still on his knees,—and watched me pass, resuming his mumbled prayers, but with as little concentration as necessary.

Mention of that Ford in connection with Bosnia recalls the climax of our adventures. The only road into Bosnia from the north runs down the gorge of the turbulent Bosnia River. Before the war it was a fine highway, laid out by Austrian military engineers who had to consider neither expense nor time, but as the fortunes of the campaign took the Hapsburg armies to other fields, it was completely neglected. Especially the many wooden bridges were in a bad state. On this occasion we set out at daybreak from Brod (a vile town with indescribable inns where one must spend the night in going either by train or motor from Belgrade to Sarajevo), and by noon had covered some sixty miles. About twelve miles short of a dingy village named Maglaj we came upon a scraggy horse grazing by the roadside. Our high-powered car excited him to performances in the way of speed that I am sure would have surprised his owner. He became a pest of which we could not get rid. We tried going slowly, and he cantered slowly, just a few yards ahead; we tried going fast, and he went so fast, with such pantings and groanings, that we felt sure he would expire before our eyes. Where the road opened out a little we burst into the greatest speed of which our old flivver was capable, passed our antagonist, heard his wheezings close behind, and in a moment were passed by him again, eye-balls starting, nostrils distended, shaggy mane streaming in the wind. After twelve miles of this unnerving diversion we reached the gate of Maglaj, where the horse leapt bodily upon the guard planted in the middle of the road, overturned a dilapidated cart near by, careened around

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against the wall, and finally was brought up short with his head over our wind-shield and his left leg jammed through the right mud-guard. Thence he was extricated trembling, and tottered off to the side of the roadside; fearing he might expire, with all manner of evil consequences for us, we pressed on as rapidly as possible.

But not for far. Ahead of us, where the road turned to cross the river for the sixth or eighth time, we came up against a barricade closing off the bridge, topped by a sign which we took to mean that it was unsafe to cross. Examination showed that the middle span was hanging limply in mid-air, the prop in the centre having been washed out by a recent freshet. But having no choice but to cross or return for another lively night at the Brod hotel, we removed the barricade, despite the gesticulations of the populace, and prepared for our movie venture. With doors open ready for a possible jump we put on full speed. The bridge quivered as the car rattled out on it, but, despite violent creakings and waverings, our trust that we would get across before the crash came was justified.

We prided ourselves a little on our feat, graciously accepted the plaudits of the crowd, and urged our old trap forward. For a few miles all went well. Then, turning another corner, we came upon—not this time a shaky bridge, but the yawning gap where once a bridge had crossed a tributary mountain stream. The road went straight to the edge of the bank, fell off neatly into a gulley twenty-five feet deep, and resumed on the other side, thirty feet away. Of the bridge itself only a few splintered timbers remained strewn high along the banks. The shouts of the people back at Maglaj were suddenly transformed in my ears to jeers. We were caught between Scylla and Charybdis, but cross we must, because this time we had no choice of going back. There seemed a possibility that by grading down the sheer bank, which luckily was composed of soft gravel, we might manage to run the car down into the three feet of water, and we trusted that in spite of the stream being strewn with boulders the car might gain enough momentum in its precipitous descent to carry it across to the other side. Three hours of violent labor ensued. Then we were ready for the plunge. It was a magnificent success. The car

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avoided the nose-first loop-the-loop that I dreaded, and bumped its way nearly to the other shore. Here, however, the job became really difficult, as this bank was not sandy, like the other, but composed of loose boulders and debris.

By this time the whole countryside had gathered to watch the antics of the mad foreigners, who were not content to wait a month or so until the bridge could be leisurely repaired and Bosnia re-connected with the rest of the world. I now flourished bundles of kronen notes,—at pre-war rates, a ten years' income for most of those present,—and sent them off to collect all the horses within reach. Four pairs of dubious ponies with rope harness were produced, all so underfed, so unaccustomed to any sort of real draft work, that as soon as the ropes became taut they slackened up and stood shivering with terror. All efforts were vain. The ponies refused to pull, and if they had, they would have possessed too little strength in their wasted bodies to drag the flivver out from where it lay uneasily in the water, its front wheels raised like the paws of a chipmunk in supplication for release from its ignominy.

I then decided to harness up all the man-power and woman-power in sight. The whole crowd entered into the spirit of the occasion. I am sure it was the gayest event that had taken place in that remote spot for years, and that it will long be remembered in tradition as the "party" staged by those energetic and amusing visitors. Everybody present attached a frayed rope or bit of string or skein of twisted rags to some part of the car, and all pulled, but all at different times, because they could not pull together for their interest in watching to see if any progress were being made. I soon saw that nothing would be accomplished in this way. It was getting dark; the hot sun was already down behind the crags to the west, leaving us perspiring but chilly, wading drearily about our steed's half-submerged form. Strangely enough, there was in that remote spot an Italian with whom my wife could communicate. He told us that a mile or so down the river, where another bridge had been washed out (though it was now again restored!) there was a pair of real draft horses, the property of some Sarajevo contractor. Vast sums of kronen persuaded this gentleman to bring up his horses to

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assist in one last grand effort. First his horses were harnessed up to the car, and in front of them we put the eight shaggy ponies, more for moral effect and encouragement than because they could give any real assistance; on all sides the populace again attached their ropes and thongs, while we got behind to push. Slowly the car reached the crest of the bank, hesitated, and dropped heavily back with a thud that sounded like its death-rattle. Again we tried, and this time with huzzas and Slavic imprecations and cries of excitement echoing down the gorge the old carcass was dragged clear up onto the road, where it stood dripping dejectedly, bruised and battered and covered with mud. It seemed as though it could never live again. But the vital spark was still miraculously in it. A crank at the engine started it whirring as usual; the lights fluttered on, illuminating the circle of admiring faces; and tumbling in, we went jerkily off, spouting water and hundred-kronen notes in every direction. The next day at Sarajevo we decided that motoring under these strenuous conditions left too little leisure for observing the country, so we sold the car as it stood to an old Mahomedan for fifteen thousand five hundred kronen, cash.

It is chronicled that the Prince Regent, after completing his eventful first visit to Sarajevo, returned to the capital by automobile, the whole countryside turning out for miles around to acclaim him as he passed. I hope he enjoyed the roads as much as he enjoyed the welcome of his subjects. I doubt it. But I rejoice that he made the trip, not only because it proves to all doubters that the new Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes is indeed a unit, loyal to the house of the White Eagles, but also because, if ever again I am called upon to cross those mountains, the authorities may have decided to remake the roads in preparation for the next royal visit.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

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I KNOW A PLACE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Between the wind-swept grasses and the swell
Of the flecked and freshening sea I know a place
Scented with warm spray always. Here I trace
Into the soft sand words of an old farewell
When I am sad, or else I weave a spell
Of rapture from a cool Egyptian vase
Remembered in delight, and here the grace
Of quiet comes upon me like a bell
Heard beneath water faintly audible. . . .
Here with the privilege of one dear face
To look upon, God grant that I may dwell
Through the white days of April and the days
That follow in a flower-tumult . . . space
And the spilled foam murmuring into a shell.

SEA-DESIRE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

At every keel-dent in the deep,
At every liquid rim,
At all wharf-lappings,
Wheresoever seaweeds creep
And fish swim,
By all sail-flappings—
Let my soul be
Endlessly.

Let me face the tidelight now,
Its flush and shiver;
The dank green smell at the bow
Of any ship
On any river—
There let my soul slip
Out of me
And be!

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SWALLOWS

BY CONSTANCE GOODRICH

So still have I sat that the swallows are circling about me,
Wheeling with whirring wings over me, close above me,
So close that the rush of their wings startles the air about me.
Yet though my body is quiet my heart is abroad with the swallows,
Circling the spacious sky over the luminous ocean;
My heart's in the wind-driven waters that crash on the rocks,
In the seaweed that swirls in the tide,
That lifts and falls, purple-fringed, to the breath of the sea.
Yet tonight when the dew-laden twilight darkens the waters
And dims the wide fields lying bare to the sky
My heart will be mine again, mine through the night,
While I sing of the breakers that flung it in foam to the beaches,
Of the starlit sea and the wind that the swallows ride—
Sing till my heart is at peace.

LOW TIDE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Who creeps into the cave
  To spy the crannied secrets darkly hidden,
And pluck the clinging treasures from their beds?
  Who follows on retreating steps unbidden,
And mocks the ebbing fury of the wave?
  Or impudently treads
The lowest rippled sand a moment bare,
To pry into the bashful, rosy pools? You dare?
    Beware!

Is mortal life secure,
Or human footing out of bound so sure,
  That wingless you dare climb
  Through treacherous and immemorial slime,
Treading the slippery slope, an oubliette before
The cavern's ominous door?
  Then hark! Bend close your sea-shell of an ear.
  Do you not hear
A hollow growl, a hoarse and sullen roar,
Below you, or behind you, or before;

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A growing threat that quivers in the air?
The monster is returning to his lair.
Beware!

Coil upon coil he writhes between the stones
In awful hidden power,
Faster and faster yet. Are human bones,—
Fragile as any flower,—
Proof against teeth that gnawed the granite wall,
And ground it into pebbles smooth and small?
Can frantic feet outspeed
The ancient Terror stealing through the weed,
Who swallows sand and pool and boulder, all
His salty kingdom, briefly visible?
A roar, a rush! Spume leaps upon your hair.
Beware! Beware!

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OUR FEAR OF EXCELLENCE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

In this age crying out for democracy there come, even to loyal Americans, ardent believers in America and the potentialities of America, moments of questioning as to whether it is not possible to carry democracy too far. On the street, in railway trains, in market place and lecture hall, misgivings creep into the minds of the stoutest-hearted among us; and the printed word does not always reassure. Liberty, equality, fraternity, are for us a glorious heritage, a privilege, a responsibility, but the haunting sense will not down that there may be an excess of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The hard and cutting blows that, from time to time, strike at the very root of our political faith, do not always concern political matters; it is increasingly apparent that great and beneficent movements may have, as by-products, wholly disconcerting results. A remark, heard long ago on a steamer deck, of a fellow-passenger who declared to admiring listeners, that, in her recent visit to the continent, she had seen many famous pictures, at Antwerp, Paris, Florence, and elsewhere, but that nothing she had seen abroad could at all compare in excellence with those exhibited a year before at Pebble, Colorado, the work of local talent, comes back to me now and then as a suggestion of the influence of our civic faith upon our ways of thinking, as a possible foreshadowing of the goal toward which our feet are set.

Among the various aspects of a triumphing democracy, none is more distressing than this tendency of a consciousness of liberty, equality, and fraternity to creep into the wrong place, this fatal confusion of liberty, equality, and fraternity with intellectual and aesthetic ideals. The remark, and others like it, which float in our buoyant American air, could hardly come from any country but our own. Reading the records of early days, of the endeavor, the aspirations of the founders of our country, and watch-

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ing innumerable manifestations of life, east, west, north, and south, we are forced to realize that our national creed has had wholly unexpected, and not always happy, results. Urged on by a desire to secure rightness of condition for the many, justice among men, our ancestors looked forward to a fairer commonwealth where no man should be oppressed. They hardly foresaw the effect of their doctrine in a new attitude toward men's feeling, judgment, or dreamed for the future anything so disastrous as the triumphant conviction prevalent to-day that one man's opinion is as good as another's, with the threatened loss of standards inherent in this belief.

Doubtless out of the struggle for liberty and equality has come our sheep-like tendency, our longing to be gathered into one aesthetic or intellectual fold. One must not protest, of course, against the desire of the young to look alike, act alike, dress alike, resulting in so precise a similarity in thousands upon thousands of the new generation that one might imagine them a manufactured product, turned out with a stamp by some gigantic machine. Fashion lays all low in whatsoever country, and the passion for sameness in dress is not so extraordinary nor so deplorable as a curious levelling tendency manifest here in standards of thought and of action. The desire shown, the country over, to be alike in ways of thinking and of appreciation would suggest that one article in our national creed had defeated another, and that, however far we may have gone in achieving equality, we are far, very far from achieving liberty. In the community at large, in schools, in colleges we are slaves to the fear of being unlike the others, and no Clarkson, no Wilberforce rises to break the fetters of the human soul, as the fetters binding the human body were broken. The country over, we thrill to the same cheap oratory; the standardized prettiness of our magazine covers triumphantly sweeps the land; best sellers delight us because they are best sellers.

Even in institutions of learning, if I may so designate our colleges, the young are, as a rule, ashamed of intellectual distinction, concealing any unusual interest in things of the mind, feeling that they have disgraced their families if they win Phi Beta Kappa, hiding artistic ability as if it were a sign of shame.

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There is certainly an idea abroad among us in America, and especially astir in the hearts of the young, that to see a bit farther, to hold one's standard a bit higher than one's fellows, is not being a good sport, as if some advantage were being taken in the great game. He who betrays finer appreciation or unusual insight is as one playing with marked cards.

Undoubtedly this is, in part, the effect of a new generosity. When we take our place in the long list of the prehistoric, in line with the Stone Age, the Age of Bronze, and other ages which have had their day, as we are having ours, we shall doubtless be known as the Chemical Age. Yet if periods were named, not for the weapons which men used, or the material for fashioning household equipment, but for their inner trend of life, this would perhaps be known as the Age of Sympathy. For that vast awakening of the needs, the suffering of others, in progress for a century and a half, no one can be too grateful. It is almost as limitless, as many-sided as human life itself, this new discernment of another's woes, this penetrative understanding of another's need, this swift effort to help. Everywhere is a literature of sympathy, pleas for the oppressed in mine and in factory; sympathy of working man for working man, of pal for pal, of criminal for criminal, even of good man for good man. It is, preëminently, the mark of our advance, this extension of one's interest beyond the narrow bounds of one's own, this ability to put oneself into another's place. So great is our pride in the breaking of the old Puritan sternness, when cruelty often masqueraded as righteousness, that one hesitates to speak questioningly, yet there is cause for fear in this extreme, possibly as great as the other.

All great gifts have peril in their holding. Sympathy is almost the most beautiful thing in the world, but it is also the most dangerous, to be cherished with prayer and fasting and heart searching. All lofty places are fraught with hazard; standing on them it may be well to remember the depth to which we must plunge. The greater the height, the greater the possible fall, and this supreme human attribute carries with it a supreme menace. Hearts of great saints meet in this great accord, but sympathy for one another, loyalty to one another is also one of the most marked characteristics of thieves. With one's brother, yes, our

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whole modern hope is here, but with one's brother on the downward path is a different story. Keeping step is highly desirable, but one has to remember not only the union, but the direction of the step. Triumphant democracy will do well to recall that ancient, picturesque, yet accurate statement of spiritual truth, that broad is the path leading to destruction, and many feet in unison go down it together. Are we forgetting entirely the direction of our step in the feeling that all will be well because we are all together?

Narrow the way,—just as narrow as ever,—that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find time to look for it: we have so many engagements now-a-days!

One welcomes this new sympathy, much of it at least; one recognizes it as, in part, a consequence of that determination toward justice in which our civic history began. Increasingly we thrill to the finer hope of a liberty, equality, and fraternity, wherein all human beings shall have their rights and their privileges, yet, looking the country over, observing the present condition of things, we are aware of something subtly wrong. The new generosity in spirit is not matched in practice; our deeds limp haltingly behind our facile emotions. That likeness, kinship, sameness of which we are aware in listening to public speakers, reading the printed word, hearing the conversation of our fellows in mart, market place, and on the street, this one stamp of idea and manner, reaching from Maine to California, disappears when we fix our attention on material things. Turning from the intangible to the tangible, from men's thoughts and feelings to their possessions, the similarity vanishes; one is aware in the spectacle of life in our land of hideous contrasts, of a something, in spite of the vast increase in human sympathy, unfulfilled in the hope of the world. No royalty-ridden country of Europe can show more appalling differences between wealth and poverty, more appalling inequalities in the matter of food, clothing, and material things. The question inevitably arises as to whether the levelling has not been in the wrong place, whether the sharing has not been of the wrong things, whether we have not become free and equal in the wrong way. We have pooled our ideas, our standards, and have clung fast to our material possessions; that which

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should be kept sacred and individual, our ideals and aspirations, we have tossed into the general store, while we have clung tightly to that which should have been shared. Our only communism is a commonness of thought and of belief, a lack of standards. Men and women who pride themselves on the exclusive foods they eat, on the individual distinctiveness of the cut of their clothing, yet thrill to the same cheap eloquence of the stump orator, and are content, by way of diversion, with the crude emotional appeal and the distorted lines of the same moving pictures. In matters where there should be difference, constant personal effort to work out standards, to bring to bear upon the mass the impress of higher endeavor, thought, feeling,—that right development of individuality which is the goal of democracy, and the hope at the heart of Christianity,—mass opinions are substituted for finer individual judgments; mob psychology invades our standards. It is not the unique jewels, the priceless fur coats, the automobiles that cannot be duplicated, but souls that are thrown into the melting pot.

All this is sad, but undeniable; who can tell the reasons? Perhaps it means that we are but following the line of least resistance; it is easier to give up standards than it is to give up bodily comforts and luxuries; moreover, the excellent is more difficult to discern in the world of thought and of spiritual endeavor than in the "emporium." The truth is that we have grown to have a certain fear of standards, both of thought and of action, because they are above the comprehension of the many; while we delight in outstripping Brown, Jones, and Robinson in the matter of wearing apparel, and glory in getting the better of them, even through a little trickery, in business, we do not want to have any ideas or ideals which these fellow human beings do not share. We are shamefaced in owning a loftier aspiration, a finer insight, and hide the better man within us under a hail-fellow-well-met manner, and bluff Yankee speech, preferably slangy, or a bit ungrammatical. There are moments when one wonders whether we have not wholly mistaken the point of that great endeavor in which our country had its birth; our forefathers struggled to break the rule of force, so that spirit might be free to rule. I cannot believe that they wished to eliminate leader-

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ship; rather, they severed bonds in order to let real leaders emerge and take their rightful places. In our deification of the average man we defeat their high intent, and prevent the future. We must outgrow our naïve and childish fear,—whether it mean recognition in others or cultivation in ourselves,—of that which is beyond the mass, if we are ever to achieve anything of value, morally, politically, or in the world of art and of letters. When liberty and equality get into our intellectual and aesthetic standards, the result is intellectual and aesthetic chaos. All men's judgments may be free, but they can never, please God, be equal.

Whether one or not one present condition is the inevitable result of democracy we do not know; historians have suggested that it is by way of democracies that civilizations go out. If democracy is, as we believe, a glorious opportunity, the best solution that has been found for the problem of human rule, it is also a great and perilous experiment for the human soul, full of a fatal impulsion toward levelling down. Its watchword may be a golden thread leading us to the very heart of God, or a trail ending in a quicksand where aspiration, endeavor, higher hope go down. Its subtle menace was as apparent in ancient as in modern times. We should pause, in our triumphant praise of democracy, to recall the fact that an ancient democracy put to death its greatest philosopher, Socrates, for proclaiming, in an age enchanted with the sophist conviction that this man's idea and that man's idea were the measure of things, and all that men could know of truth,—a belief in the existence of universal standards of excellence, standards of truth, of conduct, objective, enduring, different from the mere subjective judgment, the momentary whim, conviction, impulse, of this person or that.

Thinking of our period, thinking of our own country, one realizes that, in our present self-complacence is the measure of our failure, in our persistent belief that a deeper faith, a higher conviction cannot be true, because our neighbors do not believe them to be true. We are tolerant of our fellow sophist, and gladly grant him a freedom as great as our own, but there is something lacking in the programme of both of us. Tolerance is undoubtedly a virtue, but not sufficient as the sole basis of a

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civilization, into which, if it is to endure, must be mortised not only negative but positive virtues, knowledge, wisdom, faith, and unshrinking conviction as to the difference between right and wrong.

As for the future, it is fairly evident where we are going to get tolerance, where we are going to get sympathy, but where are we going to get standards to guide mind and soul? The young *are* the future, and, in the unwillingness of the young to admit a gift or to confess an aspiration not shared by the crowd, we see the most menacing aspect of our contemporary tendency. Full of generosity to one another, of desire not to be conspicuous, they yet betray, these children of triumphant democracy, a certain spiritual shortsightedness. Perhaps the trouble comes from thinking too much in terms of things, of confusing intellectual superiority and high inner endeavor with delicacies pleasing to the palate at the human banquet, with choice bits of sweet, in regard to which the young are perhaps more scrupulous than their elders as to claiming more than their share. There is a mistake here, for there is a fundamental difference between standards of life, intellectual, moral, spiritual, artistic, and chocolate creams. In any assembled company one does not want more than one's share of these; so should it be with all material things. But generosity in matters of mind and spirit is a different thing; it is a very energy of life, showing itself in search for hid treasure, the finder, the darer, being under stern obligation to seek out and share with his fellows what perhaps he only could discover; it may be a lone search for lost trails, for the higher trail, that others may follow after.

He who shirks the responsibility of the greater gift, the keener insight, betrays a species of mental obliquity, a lack of vision. In striving toward excellence, winning it, there is something impersonal; aspiration is not necessarily vanity, genuine aspiration never; the attainment of the fine and high in thought and in conduct should be for the sake of that ever clearer discernment of the better whereby the race measures its inner growth. Refusing to try to win, because all may not win together, may not the very conception of the fine and high vanish? In this scruple, this hesitation to put forth one's utmost, there is fallacy, subtle and insidious, a thinking about people, rather than about intel-

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lectual or spiritual excellence. The quest of the greater, the unattained, represents no selfish claim; absolute self-forgetfulness may come in winning toward the goal; honestly facing the greatest, one loses sight of the ego. It is a mistaken sympathy which means thinking of oneself and the other man, rather than of that which draws attention from both to something higher. Here is failure to discover the presence of anything but individuals in our cosmos, the many, not the One.

Stern is the obligation to search beyond one's self and one's neighbor, in order to find stepping stones leading to high places. One must do more than understand one's brother, and put oneself in his place; one must love him deeply enough to hurt him, if necessary, by failing to acquiesce in his present programme. It is a duty, not only to keep step with one's fellow, but to try to hasten that step. One must understand his possibilities, help keep quick and alive the principle of growth in him, help him discern a something beyond his or one's own present attainment. There must be something deeper than surface sympathy that pities his wrongs, profounder than that sympathy with the lesser self which holds potential menace, cutting off the future; there must be sympathy at times like a keen-edged, naked sword, piercing to the very heart of his lack or limitation, as self-scrutiny pierces to one's own, cutting off all that hampers or keeps back. Without this higher sympathy one does not, in truth, understand one's brother at all.

The business of a true citizen of a democracy is to search out continually better and better standards of thought and of conduct, to carry on, worthily, in the face of new challenge, the effort of our forefathers, to justify the open road of freedom. The impact of mind on mind, of soul on soul, in a land where thought and speech are free, ought to mean, not a levelling down but a levelling up, each individual soul doing its utmost, by stern endeavor, by searching the ways of truth and beauty through life, to render its own individual interpretation, a something no other human soul could do, of possibilities of higher existence.

If mediaeval saint and Indian mystic of to-day err on the side of too exclusive contemplation of the Principle of Excellence,—

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too steady a gaze meaning, perhaps, a blinding of the eyes; if, thus, human sympathies shrivel, and one deep path of wisdom and understanding, knowledge of the human heart, of the facts of life, of human experience, the way of the Lord through human lives, be closed,—this excess is still no excuse for our closing our eyes to that other glorious way of the Lord, the long and splendid dream of human aspiration, the unwearied striving toward the best, the contemplation of the beauty of the Lord our God.

Of the great behests, Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind, and love thy neighbor as thyself, the former was given first.

There is one simple, but absolute condition of growth, after the soul has become conscious of itself, the stern and constant measuring of oneself by something higher than oneself, rather than the excusing of one's defects and limitations because one's neighbors also have theirs. Our chief human business is, in truth, a discerning of values, all life being but a process of selection and refusal. Life without constant challenge of the higher is not life at all, nor subject to the laws of physical and spiritual development, as ancient intuition and modern logic have revealed them.

We must search out excellence, through great personalities, great artistic achievements, great faiths, gaining, by contemplation of the highest reach of thought and conduct of individuals, in different times and different places, a constantly enlarging intellectual and spiritual apprehension. Working on the stuff that human life has wrought out, the best that the long struggle, the undying creative impulse have evolved, gaining acquaintance with great thought, great feeling, great men, we shall be constantly revising our idea concerning that which is excellent. Thus, measuring by great personalities, great deeds, great faiths, we shall at last discern more clearly the white light of truth, of which these are the breaking. Following the ways of those other neighbors of other times and other countries, thinkers, statesmen, creators of any kind, we shall learn some measure for our own self assertion. Pebble, Colorado, must learn to make obeisance to the Ufizzi and the Louvre.

It is in contemplating human life and human thought at their greatest that we realize how inadequate our new standard of

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sympathy proves as a statement of the whole human case. This kindliness, this feeling for humanity which we are achieving, means great gain, but, in the very measure of our preoccupation with our contemporary fellow-man, there is danger, grave cause for fear lest, in learning to understand my brother, I lose desire or power to understand anything else. There may be farther reaches of the human soul than are manifest in my brother. This making the individual, the mere human characteristic the measure of excellence, putting the personality, the qualities of this man or that in place of a loftier conception, to whose formation all high thought and great deeds contribute, is a dangerous process; this great gust of common thinking may be the wind that blows civilization out. Another loyalty is necessary, loyalty to a higher ideal, a something beyond and above you, me, and those about us.

Fear-God-Barebones could do great good among us now.

We are, in truth, face to face with the old problem of the many and the one, the need of the single, the perfect, the one to strain toward. Unless we take heed, in our content with present achievements and present ideas, we shall lose the challenge of the forever unsatisfied within us, the sense of something, in every aspect of thought and conduct, yet to be attained. We must not forget, for no aspect of modern development can compensate for this loss, the search of the religious instinct out of the worship of many gods toward the One; the search of the philosopher for the secret, the one, that will explain the manifold, that which the Greek Plato conceived as the Idea of Perfect Beauty, the Hebrew in his reverential thought of the Lord our God.

To tell the truth, we are in the throes of a new polytheism, forgetting the conception of oneness, which is the fundamental basis of belief of religious teacher, prophet, and philosopher. It is a new and dangerous polytheism, this worship of Brown, Jones, and Robinson; one misses in it something of the spirituality of one's father's faith; Brown, Jones, and Robinson after all go only so far.

The young say that the spiritual sense is as strong as ever, that it has gone into good works, the desire to serve. This is undoubtedly good, yet we need something to cut through our

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present complacency in our own good works, our tendency to look the country over and congratulate the age on having arrived, now when everything is being done for everybody who suffers, as if we all, in devoting ourselves to some measure or other of physical relief, had wholly met our eternal obligations. Yet surely we need something beyond; the manifold ideas and ideals regarding service,—this too a polytheism,—cannot fill the human heart and soul, direct and hold the human spirit, any more than the many gods of Greece could permanently hold the human spirit. In all their beauty, their manifold beauty, they failed.

This ethical polytheism, though it goes a bit farther than the worship of our contemporaries, is too many-sided to afford the necessary knitting up and centralizing of human thought and aspiration. Nor can self-engendered and self-directed ideas of duty, of service, fine, high, admirable though they may be, ever content us. There is that within the human soul which yearns for something beyond; only the Infinite can satisfy. For the true fulfillment of life we must find something better to worship than our own immediate neighbors, or our own Good Deeds.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

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A FRENCH LOVE POET OF THE 'NINETIES

BY GUSTAVE VAN ROOSBROECK
AND JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

ONE of the most intimate and tender of the love poets of modern France is Albert Samain. It was not his, indeed, to sing the joyful possession of love; but few have expressed with greater poignancy the timorous yearning for love, its world of dream and vague desire. Not impressive nor high-sounding is his note. All in minor key, it is the breathing of songs "*sans rien qui pèse ou qui pose.*" Like the music of a far-off harp in the dusk, they set us dreaming of pale hands folded vainly in prayer—of flowers withering before daybreak—of children's souls in pale evenings full of pain. For he has deeply felt and transcribed the melancholy and pensive grace of dying things, the mortal faintness of autumn and dead dreams, the hopeless languor of desires never fulfilled.

Small and shy, dying still young after protracted illness, Samain suffered all his life from almost morbid self-distrust. Without ambition or initiative, he submitted to the monotonous routine of the life of a government clerk, content in dreams to fancy himself a triumphator, riding through life in high pride and glory. In the struggle for existence he was beaten in advance. Above the gray monotony of his daily life he had built cloud-palaces of imaginary splendor that were the tabernacles of his soul. But nothing in his appearance, except perhaps his lustrous dark eyes, gave hint of the strange luxurious desires we feel throbbing in his poems. Mr. Gosse gathered from Samain's acquaintance that he was pale and slight, excessively near-sighted and seeming to "have no cognizance of the world about him." It is agreed that he was simple in habit, chary of word and gesture, except rarely when fired by emotion, and quiet,—curiously quiet, as if withdrawn into the privacy of his dreams. Without pretension he lived his limited and solitary life, with his

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mother and a friend or two; in the barest simplicity he went through his days, without adventure.

And therein lies the tragedy of Samain—or, if that is a word of too great dignity to apply to so gentle a spirit, the *pathos* of his case—that he must remain solitary and not understood, wanting that which he craved and needed most, the loving sympathy of a woman. Woman! She was for Samain an awe-inspiring and unapproachable creature. Many were received by her who had slight gifts to offer, taken into high favor, while he, fearful and with overflowing heart, bearing his golden cup, as it were, shyly and prayerfully—he remained far from the holy place, with his never-stilled desire.

I

The refined art of Samain[1] was admired, as much as thirty years ago, by a small circle of devotees in various countries. Although dating from a time of effervescence in French poetry, from the emergence of Symbolism, although too studied and too ethereal to have a wide appeal, much of his work has shown a tenacious vitality, and remains fresh and true even now when the ultra-aesthetic work of the early 'nineties in France has so largely passed into oblivion. Twenty-five years ago, his brocaded and hieratic symbols, his tired and exotic grace, were enthusiastically acclaimed in foreign countries as well as in France, and found sympathetic response in the poetry, for example, of Belgium and of South America. This was the period of his first volume, *Au Jardin de l'Infante*, in which he represents his soul as "*une infante en robe de parade*," whose greyhounds hunt for her symbolic beasts in the forest of Dream and Enchantment. More recently his admirers have instinctively turned towards the verses of his later period, particularly *Le Chariot d'or*, which reveal more directly the heart, or as he would say, the soul, of the poet. For sophisticated as his work may often be, a blend of genuine feeling with sentiments assumed for effect, we glimpse his soul through it as a light, shining clearly at times, and at times but dimly showing as through stained or smoky glass.

[1] *Au Jardin de l'Infante*, 1893; *Aux Flancs du vase*, 1898; *Le Chariot d'or*, 1901; *Polyphème*, 1906.

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It was about 1880 that he began to write. Scientific positivism had come to pervade both thought and art. Naturalism reigned in prose; Zola and the early Huysmans were reproducing the lowest life, brutal scenes tragic with the pain of sordid reality. Poetry had undergone the same influence. The Parnassians showed the positivist spirit in their preference for the visible world, for the picturesque surface of things. The cold and polished art of Hérédia is produced by almost wholly objective means. The broad canvasses of Leconte de Lisle, with their glaring colors and tropical splendor of light, seem a glorification of matter. Philosophy was dominated by materialism and the experimental method. The heavens were empty; faith seemed but the superstitious voice of the past. And yet the will to believe was strong; poetry could not be long content with an external beauty however perfect, and there came about a self-conscious revival of the "soul" in art. In the Latin Quarter and at Montmartre a reaction was impressively announced in the *cénacles:* the renaissance of the subjective in literature,—an art of more intimate feeling and more refined thought. Samain was associated with the insurgents in the companies of the "Hydropathes," the "Hirsutes," and "Nous autres"—the "Others" of that day. They craved a new style, new subject-matter, and a fresh outlook on life. Verlaine and Baudelaire they acclaimed as apostles, having adopted for their device the latter's verse:

Au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!

It was in their noisy gatherings that Samain read his early verse; there he made acquaintance with the aesthetes, the bohemians, the eccentrics, the *râtés*, the "decadents," who made up the picturesque mob of insurgents against tradition. But he went to their meetings more to escape his solitude and isolation than because he felt in sympathy with their vehement Jacobinism. He was no man of coteries, but in habit a recluse, and in thought an introspective dreamer. The outward world he did not study; but he gazed into the depths of his own soul, noting there the shades of delicate feeling, whatever was most tenuous and impalpable in his emotions.

If he took color from his surroundings, if he was inspired by

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his contemporaries, it was as much by reading as by personal contact. He had indeed a certain feminine plasticity and adaptiveness of spirit which enabled him to assimilate the tone of sentiment of the poets whom he read with sympathy. He readily adopted their forms and their intellectual attitudes; and throughout his earlier period his work reflects a continuous series of poetic influences. In a historical point of view he may be looked on as a poet of transition. In a time of literary revolutions, of poetic tendencies sharply distinguished, he was an example of conciliation, of the discreet combination of opposing forces. By disposition and birthright he was a romantic. Werther, René, Adolphe, Rolla seem reincarnated in his nostalgic, vaguely suffering soul; all his life long he remained an admirer of Musset. The exotic feeling of Hérédia's *Trophées* is clearly the inspiration for poems such as his sonnets on Cleopatra. From the symbolists he has his indirect method of presenting his moods and thoughts by means of suggestive images. With the reading of Verlaine he evolves towards the *chanson grise*. It was not until his friendship with Francis Jammes, the poet of simplicity, that he learned to turn away his eyes from books and go to life itself for inspiration.

II

But of all the literary influences that were impressed upon his earlier poems, the strongest are perhaps those of the Parnassians and of Baudelaire. It is here that one feels most how strangely he is dressing himself out and disguising his natural feeling in *robes de parade*. It was almost naïvely that Samain—the poet of shivering emotion, the supersensitive lyricist—made pretense of going about to carve deliberately cold verses of perfect form. In an early profession of poetic faith, when he was baptized in Parnassian waters, he declares that marble alone is god in his pagan heart, that he has dreamed of building in verse a chaste Ionian temple—

Ainsi, dans le bleu pur de ma sérénité,
Sur le rare Paros d'un sonnet dense et riche,
Je sculpterai mes vers avec solennité.

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Still more superficial was his assumption of Baudelairism. Poet of simple feeling, sweet and melancholy yearning, what has he to do with this mental perversity, this search for strange sins, bizarre sensations, unnatural imaginings? This was a curious and clever assimilation of a state of mind. The sacerdotal cruelty and lasciviousness of Samain's princesses is displayed in a setting of antique gardens, with crumbling marble staircases smothered under roses, as on a stage curtain. His pretended fevers of the flesh, chanted in liturgical style, were very much in the current mode: Tristan Corbière having indited his *Litanies du sommeil*, Louis Denise his *Litanies du silence*, Dubus his *Litanies de l'amante*, not to speak of Iwan Gilkins' Litanies in *La Nuit* and Baudelaire's *Hymn to Satan*. It is in this style that Samain conceived his hymn to Lust, in which he invokes *Luxure* (*"O très occulte, O très profonde!"*) as a purple star in the sad sky of the world, as a black idol, an immortal empress, a leper of gold, and as

> *Appétit du péché mortel, et soif et faim.*
> *Goufre, soleil sans ombre et spirale sans fin.*

Léon Bocquet, in his book on Samain, remarks justly that this state of mind was purely intellectual. It is the fanciful toying of an aesthete, in which the poet attributes to himself, in dramatic wise, the Saturnalian appetites of an Heliogabalus or the ideal purity of Paradisaical loves. The Baudelaire cult of the time did indeed degenerate in some cases into an actual erotomania. It was the period of Huysmans' *A Rebours* and Jean Lorrain's *Monsieur de Phocas*. But Samain's Baudelairism, like his Parnassian impassivity, was pose, attitude, literary make-believe. These were but hieratic gestures copied from some ancient monument, imperial vestments borrowed from some museum of antiquities. The manner of Baudelaire, the manner of Hérédia, of Leconte de Lisle, of Mallarmé: these were masks half-consciously assumed by one who as yet knew not his own face. The real Samain was not at all so perverted and hard and bitter, so analytic and tragical; but rather simple and elegiac, gently sad and painfully sensitive.

And so we may follow in his work the gradual evolution from a

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sumptuous and esoteric symbolism towards a greater simplicity of art, from far-sought images and elaborated diction towards a more natural manner of expression, from an over-curious introspection towards the broader feeling of life. It was less an evolution proper than the process of self-discovery; it was the process of putting off one disguise after another.

There is one poem in the *Jardin de l'Infante* in which Samain signalizes his conversion. He refers to the *fleurs du mal* which had bloomed in his disquieting dreams—

Fleurs suspectes, miroirs ténébreux, vices rares.

But now the poet's soul is weary of these unnatural stimulants, weary of his strange ceremonial parade, of the tinsel glitter of intellectual Vanity Fair; and he longs to come back home to the "white house," and to enter again into the truth of his own heart—

Et rentre enfin dans la vérité de ton coeur.

This may be our introduction to the true Samain, the poet of *Le Chariot d'or*. Most of all does he reveal himself in the Elegies included in this volume, poems of a seductive tenderness and delicacy, the flowering growth of sincerity and heart-felt emotion. Here we have no longer the acrobatic performance of a clever "intellectual," the restless search for psychological rarities, but the unaffected voice of desire and resignation, the sincere utterance of the passion of love.

III

This love is at once a genuine personal sentiment and a symptom of the times. It is (if the reader will forgive us for speaking so of the sacred passion in the dialect of the decade) of those "aesthetic 'nineties" that echo still in so many sonnets. It is at the same time languid and passionate, of the flesh and of the spirit; and it is always, what the poet calls it himself, a twilight love, "*un amour de crépuscule.*"

This is not the love of a Byron or a Hugo, stormy, rebellious, imperious. It is all made up of dreamy longing, of melancholy contemplation, of echoes faintly reverberating in the chambers of

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the soul. The poet is on his knees before the memory of his love as before a casket of treasured jewels—

Ton souvenir est comme un coffret de reliques
Ou dorment des joyaux d'amour mélancholiques.

He looks forward to the intimate communion of love as an occasion for uttering the unappeasable sadness of his soul—

Je ne te dirai rien, sinon que je suis triste. . . .
Telle une fleur qu'on coupe et qui douce à souffrir
Ne sait rien qu'exhaler ses parfums et mourir.

The thought of death is forever in his mind; and the lover, in the act of gazing into the eyes of his loved one, is seized with the desire to carry her off, so living, into death.

The desire for death reflects both the physical exhaustion of the sick man and the mystical exaltation of the lover. Like Keats, Samain had always been "half in love with easeful death." In his sensitiveness to beauty and to pain, he had always felt in his anguished heart an indefinable and mortal sweetness—

Je ne sais quoi de doux, qui voudrait bien mourir.

His fevered senses and imagination made him seek in love for those melting raptures in which all sensation is dissolved in a kind of sentient unconsciousness. He dreams of whispering the secrets of love

Avec une langueur si tendre et si profonde
Qu'en la sentant sur toi, ta chair, toute, se fonde.

He dreams of tranced silences, of words spoken in a feverish languor, words that die upon the lips, and that cause the eyes to close in ecstasy—

Tout l'espace languit de fièvres.
Du fond des coeurs mystérieux
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.

We are familiar with this in English,—in English poetry, still more in English painting. We know well these closed eyes of the "Blessèd Beatrice." We are not so well accustomed to the appearance of a prayerful or religious spirit in the full panoply of sensuous appeal. We may be used to the floating perfume of

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La Robe, which plays so large a part in evoking the reveries of the Parisian poet, though it would be hard to name an English poet in whom this perfume so heavily weights the atmosphere. As for *La Jupe*, we know it not; we have not known it since the Augustan days, when the eternal Petticoat played its whimsical part in eclogue and mock-heroic. We are not ready to have signalized too explicitly in verse the part the senses play in the tender sentiment. We do not like to have so much made of the "warm shivers," to have the heavens themselves conceived as full of love like a vapor generated from a woman's scented dress. The Platonism of Shelley does not seem to us indelicate. But we are inclined to question, not indeed the truth, but the delicacy, of the way the French poet turns from the individual woman to Woman Herself, "lake profound, lure or trap, what matters it?" and dwells upon that delicious sob which rolls from the depths of Man towards Woman's Eyes,—

> . . . *cet éternal sanglot délicieux*
> *Qui roule du profond de l'homme vers tes yeux.*

What we do find natural to our race-feeling, in these latter days, is the conception of love in terms of religion, of a lover on his knees before the loved one's eyes, or exhaling all his heart like a censer, of the voices of lovers "rising, pure in the shade, like prayers." Such a mystical feeling of love, common enough in mediaeval poetry, has had its beautiful rebirth in the poems of Rossetti, not to mention other poets English and French. It is the special combination of the mystical and the carnal, by which the French poet can sing of his lady's "angelic flesh" or of a "sensual and pensive kiss," which makes us pause where we never blink at the loves of the Pre-Raphaelites.

IV

There is one conceit of the French lover which suggests the imagery of the Pre-Raphaelites at the same time that its modish prettiness makes it incompatible with the spirit of breathless awe which pervades their writing. He loves to think of his soul as a pale lily worn by his mistress in her corsage: not less than twice he

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makes this comparison so suggestive of the Parisian genius for personal adornment:

Mon âme—comme un lys!—passée à ta ceinture.

One recognizes the symbolist origin of this image, albeit applied with so much of the conscious sense for costume. Samain reflects in his imagery the poetic fashions of his time, and particularly the reader notes the recurrence of the favorite symbols of the Urn, the Swan, the Enchanted Lake, and, in various connections, the Lily.

The new rhetoric is also to be felt in the lavish use of adjectives of vague and suggestive feeling,—"infinite," "divine," "sublime," "unspeakable," "ineffable." It is by reaction from the hard objectivity of the Parnassians that the poets of that day, wishing to render the life of the soul rather than that of the eyes, indulge so freely in terms purely suggestive in import. This subjective, or, as we loosely say, impressionistic, character is felt in all the landscapes of Samain. He seldom gives us precise details of scenery, an exact notation of what he sees. More often he refers, in general terms, to what he smells, that being the more vaguely and yet poignantly evocative of the senses. And still more often he tells us what he *feels*, giving us the general sense of the emotion of a sunset or a warm summer evening, generally by means of some comparison. A pale autumn is bleeding at the end of the avenue, or the evening is as tender as a woman's face. He has indeed a remarkable faculty for calling up the heavy, fragrant, dreamy atmosphere of summer nights, in which soul and sense yield themselves to the seductions of languorous beauty. But it is always the *general* impression that he renders. He is always inviting us to dreams, like Verlaine; it is always with him "the exquisite hour"; but he never gives us a picture so fine and precise as that of Verlaine in his most exquisitely evocative studies—

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure. . . .
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

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Samain has not enriched poetry, like his friend Francis Jammes or his contemporary Tristan Corbière, by the introduction of new material from nature, manners, the life of the street. His flora is confined to the roses and lilies long sacred to poetic art. His landscapes are lovely but traditional; his acquaintance with nature is apparently limited to the parks and boulevards of Paris; it is there that he finds his swans and moonlit lakes, his avenues of lindens and his bleeding sunsets. The atmosphere of Paris he does evoke with most persuasive and insinuating potency,—Paris in spring at the blossoming of the chestnuts, Paris at grey dusk or wrapped in the pensiveness of autumn mist, above all Paris late at night in spring or summer, the deserted quays, the languid swirling water, the soul of flowers abroad, the shadowy masses of foliage, the trees shivering in the warm currents of air.

Thoroughly Parisian is the delicate grace, the refinement of taste, with which this poet sets his scene and arranges his effects. There is never a harsh or jarring note in his picture or in his song. He paints in water colors, and his sentiment is always at home in an arrangement of blue and silver and rose and mauve. These delicious colors find their counterpart in the charmingly modulated harmonies of the verse. Samain is very scrupulous in matters of technique, conservative and even conventional in his handling of the Alexandrine or of slighter forms, of the sonnet or the couplet or the quatrain. This gives him a peculiar facility in the many poems in which he revives the spirit of Watteau or Fragonard, delicate and finished painters as exquisite and fragile as a butterfly's wing. When he calls up the spirit of old Versailles, "*cet air vieille France,*" or when, in slight and graceful verse, he sings of the Fortunate Isle, or renders, as to some faint-voiced ancient instrument, an Arpeggio or an Invitation to Cythera, he displays the art of a painter of fans for queens who play at being shepherdesses.

In such poems he shows a delicate sensuousness not merely Parisian but distinctly feminine. He had a woman's love of perfumes and flowers. "*Quand je me sens devenir pessimiste,*" he said, "*je regarde une rose.*" He took a voluptuous pleasure in watered silks of changing hue, in the changing lights of rare stones, in finely wrought jewels and filmy lace; and long hours he dreamed

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away under the spell of music. Verlaine had preceded him with his *Fêtes Galantes*, moving in the same atmosphere of playful sensuousness of the French painters of the old régime. The imagination of Samain responded to the glamor of those times of artificial refinement, mannered politeness and sentiment, with a tinge of smiling cynicism, and the somewhat dilettante enjoyment of a life scented with all that was delicate and voluptuous. Life seemed a bark laden with flowers and silks, gliding over cool waters towards Cythera, island of luminous and ideal pleasures—

Les gondoles sont là, fragiles et cambrées
Sur l'eau dormeuse et sourde aux enlacis mourants,
Les gondoles qui font, de roses encombrées,
Pleurer leurs rames d'or sur les flots odorants.

It is in such an atmosphere that Samain can breathe his songs of ethereal sentiment almost too frail for words. Some of his verses are as delicate as the pollen powdering over the velvet whiteness of water-lilies which one is fearful lest even a wind should stir. Such is the whole of the poem entitled *Keepsake*, from which we can find room for only the concluding lines:

Dans un parfum d'héliotrope diaphane
Elle mourait, fixant les voiles sur la mer,
Elle mourait parmi l'automne . . . vers l'hiver. . . .
Et c'était comme une musique qui se fane. . . .

We are solicited by a wealth of verses by Samain of the same frail, dewy, crystalline expression. His feminine nature made him most happy in these trembling, indecisive, softly undulating rhythms. As he writes of himself,

J'adore l'indécis, les sons, les couleurs frêles,
Tout ce qui tremble, ondule, et frissonne, et chatoie,
Les cheveux et les yeux, l'eau, les feuilles, la soie,
Et la spiritualité des formes grêles.

And in his Notes we find him writing: "I dream now of composing little things, light and exquisite, made of nothing and deliciously suggestive, like certain slight Chinese poems. They ought to be fragile and precious as porcelain, like tiny porcelain cups, from which one drinks a drop of concentrated tea, whose fragrance lingers for hours."

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The classic evocations, *Aux Flancs du vase* and the poetic drama, *Polyphème*, represent the later craving of Samain for clearness and simplicity. These are not done, however, in the manner of Leconte de Lisle and the Parnassians, who painted the Greek life coolly and with exclusive attention to its picturesque possibilities. In *Polyphème* we fancy we hear the voice of the poet himself in the complaints of the unfavored lover, so touching and personal is the note. And it is with something like emotion that, in *Aux Flancs du vase*, he presents the primitive shepherds,—these sweet dreamers of clear idylls, sitting beside opal seas in the shimmer of diluted sunlight, their white figures harmonious in the calm blue of luminous skies and strands. And these scenes from ancient life are traced with a draughtsmanship and a sentiment as modern, and as unmistakably Parisian, as the paintings of Le Sidaner or the etchings of Legros.

V

But it is natural that Samain should be most prized for those Elegies in which the same refined taste is employed in the declaration of his most intimate and tender feeling. Sometimes, in reading his more personal verse, we feel ourselves in the intimacy of a quiet room, amid the uproar of a great city,—a quiet room with greyish walls, where something lingers like a pang of regret for joys that have died, white roses withering in silver bowls, and the air heavy with strange dissolving odors. And the evening is holy and sweet as the smile of a dying child,—seen through the open window, the pearl-grey and purple evening, tranced in dream. And the whispering poetry of Samain is as the voices of bells falling like rose-petals, frail and rosy white—like the sweet plaint of far bells in the mellow twilight of our seclusion.

His place is not among the builders of powerful and monumental art, but among the most refined of the minor poets, such as Max Elskamp, Georges Rodenbach, who gave expression to an exquisite and finely discriminating sense of life rather than to any large-visioned and forceful interpretation. Read the whispering songs of Samain along with the sonorous, bronze-hammered declamation of Verhaeren, and you will have a vivid

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realization of the difference between the passive and the active manner of taking life. Samain himself felt it. "Certain wild, dishevelled and splendid geniuses are like torches shaken in the wind, full of dazzling magnificence and tragical glory; and with our admiration for them is always mingled some degree of uneasiness and dismay. Others burn like beautiful lamps, with sweet and equal light; one feels about them a certain quiet intimacy, and one loves them perhaps the better for it." An artist betrays himself in his preferences as well as in his own performance. And Samain reveals his own nature when he indicates his preference for the simpler poets whose work contains a more quiet and perhaps more minute delineation of tender feeling. He too was a soul burning "like a beautiful lamp, with sweet and equal light."

The poet's body, his physiological make-up, may be regarded as, what Nietzsche called it, his "larger Ego,"—as the ground from which of necessity such and such an art, such and such feelings and ideas, must be produced. Samain, who was of feeble constitution, and who died of tuberculosis, was the very incarnation of the pathetic tenderness and weary resignation of his poems. The realization that he was dying awoke in him no intellectual storms as in Pascal, no such insurgency as in his contemporary, the rare and ironical Jules Laforgue. He never fought—he bowed his neck. The fear of death mellowed in him to melancholy. He seems to be sinking in deep and dark waters, with meek and submissive, though reluctant, consent to the unavoidable. Slowly there grew in him an all-embracing, but inactive, pity for those who suffer,—trampled beneath the feet of the struggling mob, worn out with anguish of body and mind. He considered himself a brother to all those who had to drink the same bitter wine from the same dark cup. "I do not know," he wrote, "if it is related to some morbid tendency of my mind, but never have I felt more profoundly the misery of the world and the social barbarities; I have never felt more sharp in me the spirit of humane compassion. In certain hours of meditation, the obsession grows so strong that I feel it in my heart like the stab of a knife. . . . At such times the flood rises, rises, covers me, drowns me. By all human brutalities at once I feel myself wounded, and I have a craving to escape from life, somewhere,

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anywhere. And I am haunted by Death. And then I consider above all that it is perhaps against something deaf, blind and dark that I rebel, against a machine or an element. . . ."

His songs of autumn and of evening are the breath of his own timid life, his reticence and self-denial, of his nature, compassionate and shy, craving love, and haunted with melancholy forebodings. One feels in them a kind of brooding tension, a something sickly and over-tired. Death and Pain were two unbidden guests sitting often at his table, with deep eyes of despair, and with that quiet melancholy smile which is an omen of decay. Out of his very being grew these songs, these whispered songs, which touch us with the emotion of a mauve and violet twilight. Fluid, shivering, melting verses, wherein weeps some half-uttered sentiment delicately impassioned: suave as the fall of petals on silvery water in the evening, words that do not weigh, but lightly graze the surface of emotion, words that sigh and sob and then die away in the silence of resignation.

Gustave van Roosbroeck
and
Joseph Warren Beach.

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VENETIAN SKETCHES

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

I.—NARDO

SCRATCHED on the wall of an old prison, in Venetian dialect, is a legend to this effect:

> From the man I trust, may God defend me!
> From the man I trust not, I will defend myself.

This is your Venetian! Giovanni or Pietro might have said it, or almost any one of our friends among the people. As for Nardo, it is the very keynote of his character.

Nardo was the guardian and ruling spirit of the house on the Grand Canal for which we exchanged the Giudecca Palace in the early autumn. For thirty-five years he had been a servant in the house, and if at the time when we took possession he assumed a very grand air of proprietorship, it was only because after so many years of faithful service he had come to identify himself with his absent patron; and he bore his responsibilities with a sense of dignity that was entirely becoming to so scrupulous a conscience as his. In those thirty-five years Nardo had been married and lost his wife and raised up a family of useful citizens—school-teachers and dressmakers and a soldier of the army—all of them healthy and good to look upon; and Nardo's wages had never exceeded ten dollars a month. He himself had waxed strong in self-respect and independence, while he remained a simple and respectful servant. He had that about him which made it inevitable that one's relation with him should develop a common understanding and even friendship. He was not one of those dashingly handsome Italians to whose charms certain foreign ladies have been over-susceptible. Giovanni, the gondolier, was one of those—a very prince among them, it would seem, to judge from his superb looks and manners and from the stories one

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hears about his sojourn in England in the service of a noble lady, where he guided her gondola on the Thames and whence he returned enriched with houses and lands. Nardo was of a different species. Inclined to baldness and stoutness, he wore a ruddy complexion on his round hearty face and a reddish moustache turning to white. His manner was cordial and responsive; but compared with the suavity of Giovanni, his impetuous affability was almost brusque. He had not spared his vocal cords in the service of a deaf patron, until now the native softness of his voice was quite destroyed. He had a smile for everyone who met with his approval; and for others—among whom was De Angelis, the painter—a cold correctness of demeanor.

"I can do almost anything," Nardo said one day in a mood of confidential frankness. "I am a cook and a gondolier and a gardener. I can do the marketing and keep the accounts and plan the menus and prepare the table and serve the meals and make the fires and clean and decorate the house. I am an expert packer and mender of glass and china. I am something of a carpenter and a mason—I built an artificial wall to hide the contents of this house from the approaching invader—and—well, I can turn my hand to almost anything. But there is one thing I cannot do. I cannot learn to speak a foreign language."

Nardo's efforts to say "doughnuts" and "pudding" were proof enough of this last contention. But for the rest, he was over-modest. To see him standing erect in his broad shirt-front and black suit, bending his ear to orders and assenting with quick little nods of his head, was to have revealed to the eyes the quality of an understanding mind, at once versatile and disciplined. He ought to have added among his accomplishments the ability to assist the parish priest in the functions of the church of Santa Maria Zobenigo, where he carried on his devotions with so little interference with practical affairs that for many weeks we had no knowledge of his church-going habit. He ought also to have added his quality of stewardship. The tiniest silver box might not disappear from a table loaded with silver objects without Nardo's being aware of its absence and watchful for its return. When the treasures of the house were dragged from their hiding places behind the artificial wall, a

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certain vase failed to make its appearance. And Nardo "never slept a wink for nights" until he had found it packed safely and securely inside an oven.

Above all, he should have added his uncanny faculty for being in at least two places at the same time. The ubiquity of Nardo is a mystery that has never been explained. He was always at hand at any moment to open the water-gate and help us out of launch or gondola, to answer the door-bell or telephone, to show people in or usher them away, to serve afternoon tea, to bring coffee to visitors at whatever hour. Yet he was out of the house at the same time, doing the marketing, carrying notes or messages, or crossing to the Giudecca garden—that wonderful Eden Garden of flowers and fruits which belonged to the proprietor of the house. All winter long our rooms were filled with flowers brought over at some unknown hour and arranged by Nardo's skilful hands. He brought us the papers and told us what was happening in the Piazza. He set out our candles at night, though for him there seemed to be no such thing as bedtime, for he was up until all possible hours at night and rose at the most impossible hours in the morning. There is no doubt that Nardo, with his power of management, got the best of service from the two little maids and from the two sailors in their off-duty hours. But all these other things he did himself, and one never called upon him for anything in vain. He had time for everything, and unlimited resources. One might order dinner for three, and change it at the last minute to seven. Despite the limitations of rations and food tickets, there was always enough of something. Yet there was never waste; for among all his qualities his most outstanding virtue was thrift. Hunger and poverty were among the enemies he distrusted; therefore he sought, with wise forethought, to defend himself and us against them.

The house over which Nardo held such a magical sway was like other Venice houses. It was not built around a court like the more beautiful palaces, and at some time in the growth of this crowded quarter it had been denuded of its garden. The broad hall with its black and shining pavement extends through the house from the water-entrance, where the steps drop down into

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the canal, to the door that opens on the street. The steps are one or many according to the tide, and all but the highest are covered with oozy green sea-moss. The so-called street on the opposite side of the house—in reality a narrow walk along the foundations of a small canal—approaches under a low arcade formed by the heavy beams and square wooden pillars that support the overhanging floor. In the lower hall, lighted by high barred windows, the family gondolas are kept—the black carved winter cabins, the summer awnings, the cushions, the ebony chairs, and bridges for crossing dry-shod over the wet steps. Here in former days the walls were hung with gilded lanterns for the gondolas and with arms and armor—helmets and cuirasses, swords and scimitars with polished blades, and halberds with crimson velvet shafts. It was bare and empty now, except for a clump of spreading palms in the centre of the floor, placed there by Nardo as if to confront the god of war with a glimpse of festivals and gala-days.

A short stairway leads to the low-ceilinged *mezzanino* where we had our winter quarters. Above that is the *piano nobile*, of such proportions as to suggest a life of courtly ceremonies; above that the kitchen and the servants' quarters.

Our rooms, stretching along the front of the house and opening their large sun-flooded windows on the Grand Canal, were full of life and light and movement. "Allegro" was the word that sprang to one's lips at the sight of the pink walls, adorned with white scrolls of stucco on which perched painted birds of bright-colored plumage. Over the table in the dining-room Endymion lay asleep under the protecting care of the lunar goddess. In the *salottino*, at once cozy and fantastic, a gold-framed mirror and low marble console filled the space between the windows. Beside the painted mantle-shelf moulded into curves was a deep recess, perhaps once an oratory, now full of plates and bowls and candelabra of ancient porcelain. Two gold-framed mirrors mounted on swinging doors projected from opposing walls and, leaving an open space between them, cut off an ante-room over whose raised floor a dim fresco of the Entombment faded into obscurity above the sheen of mirrors and the arabesques of walls and ceiling. A soft green carpet covering the mosaic floor of the room toned with the hangings of silk damask, while a black

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fur rug before the hearth served to accentuate the tiny fireplace and make it dominate the whole.

In the quiet hour before dinner one November day, soon after the armistice, the Delegate sat beside the writing table of the *salottino*, while Nardo was moving about in the next room, coming in and out with his light tripping step to arrange the lights and encourage the fire, and lingering by the door now and again as if hoping to be drawn into conversation. I was curled up in the corner of the deep divan near the centre of the room.

"Have you something to say, Nardo?" I asked at length, dropping my paper.

"At your convenience, Signora. I beg of you! At your convenience. I wanted to ask a favor. I know people are always asking favors of the Signora, and my request can wait." Motioning to him that we would avoid disturbing the Delegate, I rose and passed into the dining-room where the table was already spread with its flowing cloth and set with the Nova plates and Venetian glass and old English silver of our far-distant hostess. Nardo placed a chair for me within the narrow radius of heat about the porcelain stove in the corner near the book-shelves, and standing with his hands clasped before him, lifting and lowering them for emphasis, he told me about his mother.

For a year she had been at the mercy of the invader, up near Sacile, in the conquered Veneto. And Nardo, knowing about her and waiting and hoping, had been storing away bits of food from time to time, dividing his own rations, and buying what he could find to prepare a store of provisions against the day of deliverance; and now he asked for permission to go to her with his little horde. Terrible details had reached him as the people had come down in search of food and medicine in the days since the liberation. His mother had lived through it all and had borne it, they told him, with a stout heart. But his wisdom was justified. He had not trusted to prayers alone. And his savings would be manna from heaven.

"The people have been given starvation allowances," he told me. "One good woman, my mother's friend, appealed to an Austrian officer for a little more than the regulation allowed for her children; and the officer looked at her card and said

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to her: 'You've been stealing.' 'Stealing!' she exclaimed. 'Then why should I come to you? I have had nothing but what my card allows. And my children—' 'I know you've been stealing,' he replied, 'because you would be dead, otherwise. Nobody could live on what your card allows. You've been stealing, and now you're lying. Go!'

"Oh!" murmured Nardo, "God will punish the offenders. But the poor victims! What will make it up to them? Oh, there must never, never be another war! And all this time, while the people were living on bits of meal, their stores were seized, their cows and oxen and horses were stolen, and whatever the army of occupation could not consume was transported into Germany and Austria. Their farming implements are gone. How can they begin life again with nothing? Ah! It takes the heart out of one."

It was easy to grant his request and to promise him a new gown for his mother and some flour and lard from the Red Cross stores. Then I went on through the house to my own corner room and turned on the light.

The shutters were closed, a copper pitcher of hot water stood on the washstand, lace-edged towels of soft white linen hung on the wooden rack, the books and paper on my table had been put in order; it was all clean and comely. Yet as I looked about, a sense of oppression came over me. What right had anyone to comforts and luxuries like these? In the war-zone they seemed incongruous. Here was this room; the white cross-beams of the ceiling glistened in the light; a gold and white bed, large and low and covered with Sardinian filet, stood upon the soft red carpet. A dark wardrobe, deeply carved, rose up against the wall beside the window which I should open later to look down past the Church of the Salute to the waters that open out into the Great Basin. In front of this window a white and gold dressing-table of curious design spread out its top behind the mirror like a great open sea-shell. Hand-carved and inlaid cabinets lined the opposite wall, interspersed with books and pictures. The marble mantle rested on corbels sculptured into the forms of smiling children.

I sat down beside them on a straight white chair and shivered,

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thinking of Nardo's stories. And my mind wandered back to the days of the June offensive, when I had shared greater dangers and been closer to the suffering and the hardship. Again I was up there on the straight, hot road that led to the fighting line. I was dashing along in a camion among the shell holes and the heaps of clothing, where the battle had just been raging, meeting the death squads with their pickaxes and seeing them at their work, and passing the long line of ambulances that brought the wounded back. Again I stood in the cream-colored villa, shaded by eucalyptus trees, where the camions were driving in through the avenue under cool foliage and stopping by the garden entrance to deposit their loads of human wreckage. The pavement of the broad hall that ran through the villa was crowded with stretchers. There was scarcely room enough to pass between them in order to carry the hot milk for which the men were famishing. From the walls, covered to the ceiling with replicas of Greek and Roman sculpture, the helpless gods looked down on us while we worked, and the odor of antiseptics hung heavy among the frescoes and carved-wood mouldings.

They were brought in by the hundreds every day—silent, tired, exhausted men. I had never known before what exhaustion meant. We were too far behind the lines to see the battle vim—the arditi advancing with bombs in both hands and a knife between their teeth. But we saw something of the racial gentleness toward suffering, which is like their sympathy for children. "Shall I give your coffee to these German prisoners?" asked a young Italian doctor. "Ah, yes!" he answered his own question; "they are wounded, and a wounded man is never an enemy."

Ah! Here in this house I was too protected and too far away. Yet, no! For in this very house the wife and children of Nazario Sauro, the martyred hero, had waited while he performed his forty exploits on the sea and under the sea, and it had not protected them from the blow that fell. Here they had bidden him their last farewell; here the news had reached them of his capture and execution, and that last letter in which he said: "Teach my sons that I was first of all an Italian, and after that a father, a husband, and a citizen." I was to see later the monument raised to him at Pola by Admiral Cagni—a simple column from the

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Roman ruins crossed by another shaft of ancient marble, standing on the grass in the shadow of the frowning, massive Austrian prison where he was tried and condemned. And I was to learn later the story of his mother's heroism; of how, when summoned from their home in Capo d'Istria in order to wrest from her the proof of his identity which he had not betrayed, she steadfastly refused to give a sign of recognition, declaring that she had never seen the man. And when a serving woman, thinking to trip her, had whispered privately, "They will put that man to death at sunrise," "God rest his soul, whoever he may be," she answered without flinching. "To me he is a stranger."

No, this house had not saved Sauro's wife and children, but, none the less, they had been protected here from the actual ravages of war. How different would have been their tragedy if the invader had entered their home and driven them out, or robbed them, if nothing worse, of all those objects of tender association that make up the visible ties of a common life! Sister Annetta's family, for example. The father was dead, and the mother and four children—his memory might have blessed them in their little farmhouse. But they were uprooted and cast out upon the winds. The clothing we had sent them yesterday would cover their bodies for a time. And what then?

Dinner was ready to be served. I plunged my hands and face into the hot water and went back into the dining-room. Margherita, whose rooms were on the floor above, took her place between us. She brought the Delegate a telegram that had come by airship from Trieste, and we discussed plans for sending them hospital supplies on the morning boat. We talked of many half-finished projects, and we laughed and told anecdotes; and if Nardo could not speak a foreign language, the frequent smile on his face showed that he could understand one dangerously well! And after dinner the Delegate walked to the warehouse, where he and his lieutenant worked to a late hour loading the supplies onto a boat that was to start for Trieste at daybreak, while Nardo prepared a package of food for the Delegate, who was to go with them, and Margherita stood over the telephone arranging for his passage on a torpedo boat.

It was Nardo who called him before daylight, and gave him

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his breakfast of coffee and toast, and saw to it that he had all he needed for the cold voyage. And when the little launch had dashed away from the doorstep across the dark water, Nardo slipped away to early Mass and returned in time for his regular duties.

A few hours later he showed me a letter from his daughters who were begging to be allowed to return to Venice. If they could find employment, it would be permitted by the authorities. What did I think?

"Tell them to remain in Rome, Nardo, till things are readjusted here," and I gave him my reasons.

"The Signora is right," he answered. "I will tell them that we must not think of what we want. Our desires must not count. We must think of what is best for Venice."

That afternoon he set out on his journey to his mother.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

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ALIEN MAGIC

BY W. B. DRAYTON HENDERSON

APPARENTLY it is the law that whatever continues entirely without doubt may easily come to continue without belief also. Domestic magic stands as an example. It is firm beyond disparagement, being compact of all manner of tender mystery. Fire-light, and stair rails worn to the hands, and the look of morning and night from windows go to make it up; also the adventurousness of some hallways, rugs that seem bent on sliding into Arabian Nights journeys, and stable rugs that rest content in the memory of bold accomplishment, such as Kurds or Bokharas. Yet sometimes this domestic magic suffers for its constancy. In the winter of the eyes it lies a thin and pallid shadow that was once ardent with free or arrested light from its edges to its centre. And yet we know—in a sense we know—that it is shot through with glory; sure, but for our "averted faces," that "the many splendored thing" remains, and "the drift of pinions would we hearken, beats at our own clay-shuttered doors." But who is, after all, to better this—give strength to hands and fingers against all that clay stoppage, untwist that perverse neck, and blow mote and beam out of unseeing eyes?

It is here that Alien Magic stands for a recovery. It has an ethereal wind somewhere, sprung to earth anew from some august vocation among the stars, that would blow scales from the eyes were they as heavy as Lybra; mountain-cabbage palm or regal cotton-tree, boled columnar for such practice of disused muscle as would lead to the overthrow of all Philistia. And it has more, being not only the complement of the unwandering magic, but a system in itself, a kingdom of its own.

Status there is predetermined. So Stella Benson states in her last guide into one of its secret provinces, *Living Alone*. "All witches and wizards are born strangely and die violently. They are descended always from old mysterious breeds, from women

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who wrought domestic magic and perished for its sake, and from men who wrought other magic among lost causes and wars without gain, and fell and died, still surprised, still interested with their faces among flowers." But it does not appear that fortune favors always as she says. During the war they did indeed die—with flowers that shared their last interest, Flanders poppies; poppies again by Afion-kara-hissar where they dragged themselves after the bitterness of Kut, or wild geraniums about Gaza and the field of Ascalon. But that was an exception, and its real truth hardly glimpsed as yet. There is a rumor that the general conduct is otherwise. They may fall, more likely among fallen tiare blossoms, or edelweiss, or in the shadow of that cascading Himalayan orchid, than amid the ordered gentleness of a nasturtium bed. But they need not die. Before Maundeville it was whispered that they were immortal.

One circumstance about them is, however, surer than this. They may be predetermined for the kingdom and live in it forever. But they do not blunder into it. They must know the ceremony of the sea. Perhaps it is not necessary that, having known, they should tell. But there is doubt if they can do otherwise: so much so that your sailor man who ships you and in twenty or thirty words or even sentences is at an end of the voyage, becomes at once suspect as to his authenticity. Such cannot be trusted to traffic in the least evanescent of the impalpable cargoes of Alien Magic. For the sea is their safeguard, and the first great way to their discovery. It is the beginning of the end of the old, and the forecourt, if not the very holiest place, of the new. Like sleep it knits up the ravelled sleeve of care. But first it may unravel, before it begins with dextrous fingers to reweave a new pattern. If it is given no chance to do this, if you try to reach the Siege Perilous by mere circumvention or neglect of the perils, you might as well bide at home. You will but pass over it to perpetrate some old sin of Rousseauism in some virgin land. Our countrymen have too often done this that it should be condoned. They continue to do it, and we have the latest American wanderer satisfying the national egoism once again by discovering after easy vigils that the great meaning of the wilderness is Ourselves. With a swarter sea he would have been weaned of

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this curiosity; or with any touch of open sea at all. For the sea does not need to batter to pieces all remembered nights and days, as it so often does: meeting you head on at the very hands of your port of sail with battalions of moving hills, smoking summits, and unstable valleys of fear, setting cold unrest at work at the hollowing foundations of all your old delight, and sweeping from your last grasp even the immemorial peace of the settled stars. It can woo you into the kingdom as well, and heal you with waters smoother than Damascus'. I have seen it prepare an ordeal in the midst of calm; stretch arms of wonder almost to the very slip, and at the harbor's mouth, in exchange for the acrid contention of docks and the bewildering weight of heat sluiced down glittering gutters of dim mountains, raise up suddenly a loveliness that was rending and intolerable to leave. In its ordinary mood that island appealed as the most beautiful island in the world to the Tomlinson who gave up his soul in *The Sea and the Jungle* rich with every gift of Alien Magic. But this was no ordinary mood. The sea spread ecstatic sapphire to a shore of misty gold. Above were mountains steeped in purple shadows, and on the mountain top, tiptoe, in a fulgent vesture of cloud from the looms of the Trades, stood jocund day. The suddenness smote like an accolade. To see the beauty was to travel onward changed, if onward at all.

Whether accomplished by battery or by lure there is always this result, and the change is a new consciousness of the world. They begin to know their island when they begin to know beyond it. Also they begin to value its gardens when they have weeded spindrift from sea pastures, and its safety and reason when they have met unreason at flood and have recovered. For three years and more even the casual type of voyager might know this last, were it in no more than a smother of phosphoric wave, say off Bordeaux or Brest, making a beacon of his ship in an innocent sea where every wavehead seemed to hold a candle to disaster. But in general it is removed from the casual. He gives not so much as his eyes to ways when they grow perilous, and lies indifferent to disastrous or propitious stars, Ena and Algena even, marking in some lonely skies a sure entrance into desire. It is reserved for stouter hearts and for curious, perhaps even childlike

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eyes. Only these are constantly open to the twofold craft of the sea, the simple animistic fancies it stirs up by its profuse strength, the need for definite and familiar things which it inflames by leaving it long unsatisfied. Only they can really conceive its magic. Possessed of them, you need not press beyond the Roaring Forties to know the first mystery. With the sea silent and marching under wind like a ruffling flag, you may still see the "filmy shapes of those things which darken the minds of the primitives," and perhaps you may be afraid. If you voyage further, you will see and feel more. Then, say in the Sixties, North or South, if you enter upon a realm long ago known to be populous with powers hostile to the constancy of man's mind, you begin to wonder what sense of law we should have learned had these been our teachers. Man is an intruder in that world. The natural forces at work are less mindful of him than are remotest mountains. His utmost effort is futile against them, and his senses daze beneath the play of their unrealities. Adventuring there is a desperation of the mind, as adventuring among Alps is a desperation of the body. Strange and multiple suns mock him, and the one he has learned to trust for so much regularity he may see rise and set and rise again in fewer minutes than it ordinarily takes hours. Shining cliffs of immense ice rise before him where no cliffs are, tender leads of open water invite where are only swart leagues of compacted floes, and over all the long Arctic night comes down, a bewildering half darkness that casts no shadows and forewarns of no pitfall or stumbling-block to those who trust it. Sir Ernest Shackleton records all this in his *South*, and also the effect of it upon men's minds, the fantastic shapes of snow and ice they come to see, hostile guardians of safety or of further danger. "People living under civilized conditions, surrounded by all the familiar work of their own hands, may scarcely realize how quickly the mind, influenced by the eyes, responds to the unusual and weaves about it curious imaginings, like the firelight fancies of our childhood days." Escape inevitably takes the name of deliverance. Safety is miraculous and golden—if it comes. So it was long ago with Hakluyt's men also. "Troubled with danger and continual fear of death," they found their exit at last to be a wonderful provision of God for

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their necessities, and a benefit of "time" who, in the quaint humor of the narrative, "had made them more cunning and wise to seek strange remedies for strange kinds of dangers."

The gift of reverence is here very plainly acknowledged. It is a great gift. Along with it, however, must be noticed another. This is that benefit of time, doubtless a new device or set of sail, jib, flying-jib or the like, and the very practical magic of being able (as previously they had not been able) to work against the wind. With this is advanced, although humbly, the triumphing spirit of man. Shackleton's epic advances it even more dramatically, in scenes that the cosmic humor may well like to brood upon. The mote of vital dust is indifferent to the whirlwind; then it strokes the mane of the whirlwind and calls it good. In the midst of five days of unending storm breaking upon their open boat, one splendid pirate buys matches from his equally splendid chief at the rate of one bottle of champagne per match, to be paid (paradisal faith!) when he should open a possible "pub" in the then most improbable future. There grows meanwhile a serene impersonal delight in the beauty of those enemies of delight: "drifting across the storm-whitened seas and watching with eyes interested rather than apprehensive (as their forbears' were 'still surprised, still interested') the uprearing masses of water flung to and fro by nature in the pride of her strength."

It will be remembered that after this, Shackleton and two others adventured for thirty-six hours over impassable mountains, glaciers and cliffs of immense ice. Mountains have their gift of magic at any time. In the Alps, even, beneath which men passed before Hannibal, and have adventured among them from Saussure, feeling himself lifted into surviving safety above the ruin of the common world, to Nettleship certain that death does not count, or the last of those other climbing British brought home beneath the square peace of the little church at Zermatt, men have received from them the gift of vision. But South Georgia was stranger. And the record, sustained independently by all three who prevailed against its fastnesses, is that "it seemed to me often that we were four, not three"; . . . "things intangible, but a record of our journeys would be incomplete without reference to a subject very near to our hearts." When that was

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ended they knew more themselves. They had "suffered, starved, and triumphed, grovelled down, yet grasped at glory . . . grown bigger in the bigness of the whole. . . . They had reached the naked soul of man."

The growth is in relation to wonders and perils, to knowledge also of the large zest of the earth and vitality of living things, the battering charge of killer whales smashing through tons of broad ice, the survival with immense scars, of seals that had almost been their prey. But also it is in relation to simple and common things which reveal their exquisite significance come upon from these ways. They reveal it, admittedly, come upon from ways other than terrible: as water, for instance, "sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring" heard in sudden court yards or unexpected forests; giving sudden tongue (as it once happened) from a hidden culvert between Tintern and Chepstow as it lept into the peacefulness of Wye. . . . But such appeals, sacred as they are, in comparison seem almost trivial. These ears ill with the crunching of polar seas, and eyes blind with spindrift and lips black with thirst, offered a completer receptivity. So when courage brought the seekers to land, and the divine chance that waits upon extreme need gave them a coign of cliff to shelter, and essential water flowed singing to their need, it was, as they said, "a splendid moment." There could be no other word for it.

Perhaps there must always be some harsh contrast that such a moment may arrive. Cloud must be riven that light may fall beneficent. Pontus must thunder and Colchis darken about the fleece of gold. There must be lands *domibus negata* and far from the genial sun to love laughing Lalage. But even we may imagine the rapture, coming upon quiet places and unexpected beauty. It has been heard of on the lower Fifth itself where in a modest window opposite the Drab Sibyl, butterflies, "volatile flames," of Borneo and Madagascar and Brazil have fluttered into stillness, *Attacus Atlas*, *Sapilio Blumei*, *Urania Croesus*, in soft browns and blue blacks as gorgeous as flame. Such are, however, but the relic of dreams: the transportable fragment of Alien Magic, and to know that, these dreams, like the harsher polar ones, must be followed home. They are easier to follow than Borean

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Aurora—though it is doubtful if you could get 5000 volunteers in a month or so to follow them as Shackleton did to his cause of White Warfare. But they have an even longer darkness, the twilight of trees, where there are even more terrible forces at work that have stirred more men and stirred men more into an acute awareness of the "inexhaustible riches" of nature, and of man's integrated place in its general scheme than perhaps any other. They have opened up through their pathlessness innumerable paths into that informed pride and rapt humility which is the great gift of Alien Magic. They are the forces of the jungle.

The jungle is more approachable than the Poles. In tender moods it may seem even to invite men to rest upon its selvage. But in reality it is more hostile to man than anything on the Earth. It has the discrete personality of irreclaimable heath or moor through which the most that man can do is to make a path for his swift occasions. And in addition it has fierceness and venom as the mere by-products of its life. Mr. Tomlinson, to whose book I have already referred, has pictured it as no one else has done. His jungle is the greatest of all—Amazoniana, with its 30,000 miles of navigable waterways, a thousand miles and more from the sea rising or falling almost twice as many fathoms as "my father lies" at the dictates of remote Andean springs. It is a world that even fearfully reveals life. Its humus literally "stirs beneath your feet with the movement of spores and seeds." "Its free fecundity has buried the earth everywhere under a wild growth nearly 200 feet deep." He contemplates it from a viewpoint of accelerated time under whose very eyes these trees lift themselves up at summons of the sun, thwarting their less resolute kind, and lianas, writhing and constricting about them, "manifestly like serpents, throttle and eat their hosts." Others have felt this similarly, if not so keenly, seeing sycophant fig winding about stalwart cedars, and epiphyte cereus or wild pine or orchid in the gloom of their battle or embrace, and starring the gloom: Nature's last word after an endless duplication of effort; but that word music. The swift violence of life makes death a mere gesture of its change. In other jungles, more seasonably watered, it is hardly necessary to accelerate time to discern their swift growth. Witness that of the *Jungle Book* and the "white night"

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in which Mowgli and all living things leap in the fervor of a Central Indian spring. "All green things seemed to have made a month's growth since the morning. The branch that was yellow leaved the day before dripped sap when Mowgli broke it." But there is more than a pleasant aspect to such lavish springs. They have desolations also. For the jungle is full of surprises. It yields a little, space or indulgence, and man celebrates a triumph. Then it descends upon him. It breathes out clouds of flying poisons from its swamps. It secretes a dread at his heart and persuades him of Powers of Darkness. So it is in Hudson's Patagonia. So in Malaya as Sir Hugh Clifford has made plain, evil takes place that does not cohere with light and has no fraternity with the sun. So in the Central Indian Highlands, in the days of Captain Forsyth's description, sal forests shed their seeds in millions, thus maintaining themselves against the blind destructiveness of Byga and Gond, and "the jungle, in terrible and unequal battle with the aborigines, vexes him with its immense and unremitting strength of vegetation and noxious wild beasts." ". . . Every now and then the heart of the Korku failed him, and he abandoned the contest." Hathi and Bagheera and Kaa and riotous creeping greenery occupy the field. Abler men have abandoned it elsewhere, with somewhat similar results, not counting those who abandoned it for the graveyards of Manaos,—whom Miss Eliot describes in her *Black Gold*,—or those of Mr. Tomlinson again, similarly circumstanced about Serpa or Port Velho. The drama of their going remains, so long as stone and stone cling together, accented by the proposed permanence of their stay. Sevilla d'Oro overcome (*on dit!*) by the unquenchable fire of "armies of innumerable ants," doubtless left such, tessellated pavements and carved marble and cathedral walls, for perhaps centuries. Boro Budur's carved hill temple in the elder world is islanded and hidden this millennium in a sea of leaves. As I write, comes a memorial of Prah Khan, in the heart of Cambodia, the floors and walls all but hidden blankly beneath vine and fern; gigantic fig blocking with columnar roots the great doorways and spreading vast tentacles among the loosening cyclopean ashlar. "People who are born in it, dependent upon jungle, are afraid of it." Miss Eliot says of her riverine Indians:

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"They seem to be always conscious that its life is as active as theirs, and very much stronger. . . . A deceitful beauty! It enchants its lovers, but always devours them in the end if they do not run away. Foreigners always love it, and they who know it least are least afraid."

But the jungle practices more than this black magic, and has more gifts than the generous gift of fear. Dare its peril and it may certainly crown you with a sense of the radiant wonder of the earth. This is the penultimate gift of Alien Magic. It persuades you of a new caution and adds a golden hope to your tense distrust. You begin to feel you might go in search of asses and find a kingdom, or reach after a flower and inadvertently touch a star. For you may actually stoop to a dry twig, and, that learned, a green, and startle into new stillness one and another kind of mantis; or you may grasp an inviting rope such as might aid any Jack up a bean-stalk to all romance whatever, and discover—the thinness of the walls of Paradise and the tender adjacency of that old serpent. To your startled caution comes then amazing beauty, a butterfly, a paroquet, a trupial like a fallen flake of flame from a seraph's wing, humming-birds with ethereal wings "hanging adream." There are orchids also, spear-heads of light that stab the dark, and tongues of flame by no means "stammering of things unutterable." Those who feel that swift thrust and the immediate message of those burning words, are not likely to forget. They remember Beauty as supreme experience fashioned out of agonies and raptures; radiance amidst the awed stillness of sombre wings.

This jungle road of surprise and beauty is not, however, the only one that Alien Magic prepares. There are others, of knowledge and adventure, and of these the hunting road is the first, as it is the most difficult. Some few men, distinct from millions of cheap destroyers, have gone along it, far, since Nimrod walked there mightily before the Lord. Captain Forsyth, whose *The Highlands of Central India* has lately been reissued, was certainly one of these. Roosevelt, who was experienced, said that Forsyth's record was the best of any. The jungle must welcome such, for, being an unmodern woman, she thrives on mastery, and cannot but perceive that in his dealings with her this least hopeful of

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all her sons has grown reasonably masterful since the far day when fire lured him from her sheltering trees. She can feel it now, even though she also has changed, and has put aside the harsh disciplines of his infancy, no longer opposing him with sabre-toothed tiger or mastadon. For he has mended his frailty, and taken her most constant strengths, and used them with the free assurance of a favored son, taming her elephants and making them projections of his own will, steadfast under tearing claw and fang. He possesses implicitly, and proves what she appears to offer with what she appears to withhold. He knows her signs and is equal to her shifts of mood. For him only the tiger "burns bright" and displays "fearful symmetry." He values its strength because he has measured it, and the speed of the black antelope and the glory of Ovis Poli. Nonetheless, he is not lost in amazement. For all his delight in life he becomes a master of death also, killing cleanly and not above his need, neither wasteful nor distrustful of Nature's abundance. He merges himself with her personality, without relaxing his own disciplines, vital to all its vitalism and economy; no less swift or cruel or tender. This, as Emerson says, is Brahma. He that slays is one with what he slays—and there is a gift of classic strength to his kind in the knowledge of this kinship.

Alien Magic, moving to virtue by revealing such strength, and to humility by such weakness, and to reverence by such startling beauty, moves also in other ways. It leads to peace. We are discontent with change, and it shows us the unchanging. We are perplexed with a divine nostalgia and a sense of the long way we have come from our true home. It leads us back by instant paths. In tender dawns it discovers the gesture of the new earth and winds blow to it that are fresh with the scents of original day. Now it opens up the desert and spaces free before to sun and stars, but to little else. So we begin to desire them and find such uses for many in them as Arabia had for St. Paul only, or Gobi for some few lesser saints—or (as Paul would have it) sinners. There is Hardy, delighting in Egdon or Scheveningen, and, before Hardy, Shelley's delight in all waste and solitary places, and Darwin expressing it for Patagonia, and now Hudson, whose *Idle Days in Patagonia* shows his "intense longing to visit this solitary

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wilderness, resting far off in its primitive and desolate peace, untouched by man, . . . unmarred." In such places we are safe from contacts. No kaleidoscope of appearances blinds us of the truth, and no man stands between us and the light, or, with a penny candle, confuses us of the stars. Such freedom is, however, but half the tale. Men find not only peace, but integration, to which peace is the open door: beyond it they think to hear the essential music and to touch with their hands simple and perfect things fresh from the beginning of the world. Such was Hudson's dream bird which he desired to find. It was to be one as old on earth as the oldest, and in his dream where only he found it, it was always softly colored. His ultimate explanation of the power of these solitudes upon him was that they encouraged a return to an actual primitive mental condition—an intimacy with the native earth—long outgrown by the world. Somewhat similarly, Somerset Maugham, not unduly swayed by the unities of his story, pictures the spell of Tahiti as belonging to a channel in which life had come down unstopped and unstained from immemorial times; and Frederick O'Brien, in his *White Shadows in the South Seas*, conscious of this same heritage and of going back "across centuries of time," builds, partly on this foundation, his alluring picture of a fading Paradise and undivided childhood of our race. But the happy play and kinship with Nature of such pictures is no more than a detail and tolerable byway of Alien Magic. If it could not lead us except to a dying heaven, it would be of small service as a guide. We must have more than this limited sort of friendship with Nature.

> Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends.
> Nature and man can never be fast friends.
> Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave.

Pleasure in Marquesan life is pleasure in a sort of engine-room slavery—a boy's pleasure in smooth life that turns with glimmer and singing. But it has no completeness in itself. Having learned its secrets, the inner secrets of the speeding earth, true adventurers therefore turn elsewhere. They must know not only the strength but the way of their ship. So like boys from the experience of bunker gloom, and engine's rhythm, or the solace of habitable decks where life goes on and the beauty of continuance, they turn

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adventurously to some uplifted place. They seek out a bridge of lonely watch, or some remote masthead of space or time: to be the first in any new adventure, "that ever burst into that silent sea"—and have the gift fresh from the eternal hands; to be lifted up high above the common experience to which, as it were, stage after stage, ratlines and shrouds descend. To Saussure, first at the top of Mont Blanc, they descended out of sight: "I seemed to have survived the universe and to see its corpse at my feet." To Sven Hedin at Lake Manasorowar in Thibet, visibly they descended with the four great rivers that flow down from it to water a continent, and ascended in the hope and effort of centuries of pilgrimage.

When in such watchers memory is keen of the secrets of the earth, the ultimate gift of Alien Magic is bestowed. The world lies beneath them, and they apprise its definition, its strength and habit and burden, as a man may apprise the definition of a known ship, as proudly, as lovingly. Like Hardy or Vaughn Moody they feel it lift itself against the sea of space, and, like Tomlinson, conscious not only of its celestial magnitude, but trustful of the obscure port of its destination, lost just now in archipelagos of remote stars, they answer the cry, "The lights burn bright, sir!" sung them from any watch whatever, with a promise in the ear of space, "All Right." These are the ones whom Maundeville describes as immortal. They are fed on eternal things. That prow of our voyaging galleon of Tellus where they stand, he but sees in another light, calling it the mountain of Polombe. And there the well, fair and great, that changes its odors and its spices every hour of the day diversely, is but the magical draught of the known earth's virtue. Who drinks of it fasting is made whole. They that dwell there and drink often are always young. "Some clepe it the well of youth. . . . And men say that that well cometh out of Paradise."

W. B. Drayton Henderson.

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CHARLES DOUGHTY

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THERE has befallen Charles Doughty the curious fate of becoming a classic in his lifetime as a writer of prose, while as a poet he remains incredibly neglected. It seemed possible that the new edition of *Travels in Arabia Deserta* might improve matters to some extent, but the public press, while showing a real admiration for Doughty the prose-writer, and while reminding us of what we had long known—that *Arabia Deserta* is a great classic—still fails to point out what most people do not know: that Doughty is a fine poet. It is to be hoped at least that this awakened or reawakened interest in the great book of travels will tempt many to go on from it to the poems.[1] And through the *Arabia Deserta* lies the proper approach to the poems, for they are, both in style and content, the sublimation of Doughty's prose; the record of things imagined as *Arabia Deserta* is the record of things seen, heard, and lived.

The most obvious and most usual attitude for the traveller among a strange race and a strange civilization is the subjective. He observes as one apart, he records and criticizes in terms of his own traditions: the reader is all the time aware of his presence, describing and explaining. But the miracle of *Arabia Deserta* is its complete objectivity. Reading it, we see the desert under our eyes, and watch in its process the primitive wandering life of its inhabitants. And among the nomads we see one, Khalil, living, speaking, feeling almost, as they. Doughty simply shows us the picture, and he himself, Khalil, is a consistent and native detail in it. Even his occasional outbursts of hatred and anger are not those of an alien, and where his wit and morality rise above theirs it is not in an English, a national

[1] In his poems Doughty employs an unusual scheme of punctuation which, for those unfamiliar with his work, is, I think, frequently apt to obscure the meaning. I have therefore ventured in my quotations to alter the original punctuation where it seemed helpful to do so. —THE AUTHOR.

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sense, but in a universal sense. Even when he criticizes the Arabs, he seems to do so out of their own mouths, as one of their own sages, and the criticism is simple, graphic, intense, a page of generalities summarized in a single particular.

> The Fehjies eat the owl: for which they are laughed to scorn by the Beduw, that are devourers of some other vermin.

A comprehensive criticism of their narrow-minded bigotry is compressed into the cynicism of that bare statement.

Such objectivity can be achieved only through a great understanding and a great sympathy, but it is immensely reinforced by what some of Doughty's critics have labelled his "Elizabethan style." The primitive and unaccustomed effect of this style to modern ears, its simplicity, slowness, dignity, form an admirable medium for the simple, slow, primitive, and to us remote, life which it describes. Without an effort we close our eyes on modern Europe. But if style can do this for us, it is clear that in Doughty's hands it is no quaint pastiche, but a genuine and living thing, capable of vivid description and deep emotion. And yet its deepest emotions flow out with an unhurrying simplicity which is almost serene:

> "Now God be with thee, my father Mohammed, and requite thee."
> "God speed thee, Khalil," and he took my hand. Amm Mohammed went back to his own, we passed further: and the world, and death, and the inhumanity of religions parted us for ever.

And in this slight mention of a young man who died, the pathos emerges from an even barer simplicity:

> This fresh and ruddy young man, more than any in the town, but not well minded, I found no more at my coming again: he lay some months already in an untimely grave.

The vast emptiness of the desert pervades the book, and through it runs the perpetual pathos of these lonely wandering lives, so transitory, so useless against the eternal desolation.

> We journeyed forth in high plains . . . and in passages, stretching betwixt mountain cliffs of sandstone, cumbered with infinite ruins of fallen crags, in whose eternal shadows we built the booths of a day.

To read such a book is a great and refreshing experience. We lose ourselves in it till the wanderings become our wanderings:

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we are exhausted by the long marches, chilled by the sharp night air, parched with thirst under blazing noons; and the writer's spontaneous cry becomes our own: "Oh, what bliss to the thirsty soul is in that light sweet water, welling soft and warm as milk, from the rock!" and we enjoy with him the consolation of evening and the camp-fire:

> and pleasant those sounds of the spretting milk under the udders in the Arabs' vessels! food for man and health at a draught in a languishing country. The bowl brought in foaming, the children gather to it, and the guest is often bidden to sup with them, with his fingers, the sweet froth. . . .

Thomas Fuller, the seventeenth century divine, in his *Worthies of England*, published in 1662, wrote thus of the poet Spenser:

> Most happy in English poetry: as his works do declare, in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by the learned to be beauties, to his book; which notwithstanding had been more saleable, if more conformed to our modern language.

The sentence, if we add *Spenserisms* to *Chaucerisms*, might be applied to the poet Doughty. His poetry, as I have said, is still neglected, and the chief reason for this neglect is that his poetic style is, even less than his prose style, "conformed to our modern language."

True style is a vital thing: it is bred in the bone and lived in the life, and no perseverance in imitation will ever achieve it. Doughty's style, archaistic both in word and syntax, with all its Spenserisms and Chaucerisms, is a real and living thing. To the reader approaching Doughty's poetry for the first time, this becomes evident in a remarkable manner. Beginning perhaps with *Adam Cast Forth* or *The Titans*, he is puzzled by the language, the meaning of a sentence frequently escapes him, the work may seem to him at first even clumsy and arid, and yet when he has laid it aside he will find that his mind is full of clear images which constitute an atmosphere, a world of their own, so that the memory of the poem is less the memory of a reading than the memory of an actual experience.

Doughty repeatedly proclaims himself a follower of Spenser and Chaucer, and indeed, if we judge by his language, all the great poets between Spenser and himself, in so far as they in-

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fluence his work, might never have existed. This is not to say that Doughty derives exclusively from these two poets. In his poetry one dimly feels influences of a much more primitive ancestry. But it constitutes a true indication of his style to imagine that, from the long family-tree of English poets, in each of whom we feel to some degree the family tradition and relationship, a cadet branch put out at Spenser, and that branch begins and ends with Doughty.

Yet Doughty's relationship to Spenser and Chaucer is in reality superficial. It is true that we find in him the same golden serenity and the same genius for vivid pictorial detail which we find in Spenser, but the temperament through which each expresses these is widely different, and Doughty's actual relationship to Spenser is little more than one of words. He has adopted many of Spenser's words and phrases, just as Spenser adopted Chaucer's, but he is temperamentally as far from Spenser as Spenser is from Chaucer, in spite of the occasional closeness of their candid plagiarism.

Doughty's relationship to Chaucer, on the other hand, is not only one of words but also of syntax, so that we often catch in his verse the sound and rhythm of Chaucer.

Enough has been said to give some diagnosis of Doughty's poetic style, in the narrowest sense of that term, and to show how closely he follows Spenser in word and phrase, and Chaucer also in syntax. Yet the smallest acquaintance with the work of the three poets is enough to discover that the poetry of each is worlds apart from the others.

What then is the nature of Doughty's poetry? While carefully ignoring the savory appeal of a red-herring, I may safely say that the individuality of a poet emerges through his style, his matter, and his temperament. It would be an entertaining but insoluble puzzle to enquire how far Doughty's prose style is the outcome of his life in Arabia, and how far his conception of Arabia is the outcome of his style. But, since his poetic style is an intensification of his prose, it is perhaps not idle to say that his poetry has grown directly out of that great spiritual experience of *Arabia Deserta*. In his utterance there is a great cleanness and a great emptiness. Being remote from our modern

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language in texture, it escapes all the associations, the commonplaces, the obscurations with which the current tongue (written and spoken) is encrusted, and remains empty and unsullied. In this emancipation from the familiar, Doughty's language is capable of producing a background bare and sombre, richly strange because outside our daily habit, upon which the clear brilliance of words with a strong sense-stimulus leap out with the purity of primary colors. But potentialities such as these can be exploited only by one who, like Doughty, is a great craftsman in words. Doughty sees and feels with sharp accuracy, so that he convinces sometimes by mere exactitude of visual description, sometimes by producing a strongly emotional impression through a series of appropriate stimuli. His poetry is full of things seen, —mountains "upleaning in a calm divine"; a "deep swart pool of liquid flint"; "bees with wings as sheen as glass"; "sky-shouldering naked rocks"; goats "that in hillsides wont, reared on their hind shanks, mongst thymy rocks to browse the tender stalks"; ocean—"that blurred vast mirrow of Heaven's suns and stars"; flocks that stand "ewe behind ewe, and hang their horned heads." Such phrases instantly become realities to us, because we are made to see vividly as the poet saw. This felicity is not confined to short phrases. I do not know where clouds have been so beautifully and so graphically described as in *The Titans:*

> Sought other to vain kingdom of moist clouds,
> Sky's unstaied flocks, without continuance:
> Whereof there hang some on World-mountains' flanks
> In guise of flocs of wool caught in the thorns.
> Some (which pavilions of air-riding spirits)
> Are listed as with gold and dyed in blood.
>
> Other swart-hewed, fleet, big with tempests' wreak.
> Udders of heaven some are, wind-driven the most,
> Fleet, changeful daughters of the liquid loft
> With tawny outblown locks. Some reared on height,
> Seem steepy uprolling hills of snow, but hardly
> Endure till morrow's day.

But what I may call Doughty's poetic accuracy is not confined to the thing seen, though it is perhaps preëminent in that. It extends to the other senses, and those atmospheres,—moods,

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which are, as it were, subtler senses. It is this analytic quality in his verse, this feeling for the essentials which constitute a mood, that makes his simplest descriptions so good:

> Come to the silver-streaming river's brinks,
> Under bee-murmuring boughs of linden sweet,
> In raiment clean upon the daisy grass
> They sit and cheerful hours spend till high noon
> Nigh draws.

There in a few lines lies the calm happiness of a summer noon, and yet how simply it is produced! *Silver-streaming, bee-murmuring, sweet, clean, daisy, cheerful!* It is easily dissected: and a flower, too, is easily dissected, but it has not yet been explained.

It is not merely because of the archaic language that, seeking to define Doughty's poetry, one is driven for similes to antique things. It is vitally akin to ancient things in the spaciousness, the serenity, the primitive simplicity of its spirit. One thinks of it as a great tapestry where clear and beautiful forms move across a darkly varied background, or as a huge rock-hewn temple, austere and bare at first sight, but adorned at closer view with exquisitely carved detail and with small bright flowers growing from its crevices. It is in fact the spirit of *Arabia Deserta*, the empty wilderness with the vivid contrast of numberless beautiful details of nature and humanity. There is in Doughty's poetry, to use the words in which he has so splendidly praised Chaucer's, "a justness and directness (springing from ingenuous disposition, and diligent searching-out and observation of natural and human things, with knowledge and meditation of the tongue) which touches men's hearts: a certain noble height and living fulness of song: as if his vein flowed from the island-wells of Nature herself."

That strangeness of language is an unusual phenomenon in English literature to-day must be the reason for the exaggerated ideas of the difficulty of Doughty's poetic style. It is a curious fact that there are undoubtedly large numbers of people to-day who patiently and humbly study the music of Scriabine until they come to an understanding of it, yet who would unhesitatingly condemn Doughty's poetry on the evidence of a few pages.

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Yet after a careful reading of *Adam Cast Forth* or *The Titans*, this difficulty will practically cease to exist.

Doughty's first poem, *The Dawn in Britain*, was published in 1906. It is an astonishing performance, even when we take into account that the poet, when he published it, had already reached middle life and may for years have practised the writing of poetry. The poem, in six volumes, is in length something over 30,000 lines. Not only does the style, strange though it be at first to modern readers, show no trace of immaturity, but in structure the poem is an imposing architectural whole. It begins with the landing of early Christian missionaries in Britain, then, turning back, pictures the life in Britain from earliest times. Volumes III and IV show the welding of the British tribes into one force against the threat of the Roman invasion under Claudius, and their long, heroic, hopeless struggle. In Volumes V and VI we see the final decline and fall of Britain and, growing up out of this ruin, the small beginnings of primitive Christianity and, through it, the reconciliation of Briton and Roman, beautifully symbolized in the story of the love and marriage of the Roman Pudens and the British maiden Rosmerta. The great Caractacus, a heroic but intensely human figure, is the protagonist of the poem.

It is absurd to hope that such a work will be widely appreciated in these days. Few people, even among those who really appreciate fine poetry, have either the serenity and continuity of outlook or the intellectual humility to read and enjoy this enormous poem. But those who do read it through, slowly and absorbedly, as all fine literature should be read, will find that both style and story take possession of them with a force which is the best proof of their superb quality.

In 1908 appeared *Adam Cast Forth*. We find in it a reaction from the fierce, strenuous temper of *The Dawn*. The poet's mind seems to have cast back to Arabia again. The story shows Adam and Eve, cast out from Eden and driven apart, wandering in search of one another. They meet, and after they have refreshed themselves in the "Valley of The Lord's Rest," an angel tells them that God, to prove their obedience, will send them five days through the desert to reach "The Lord's Earth" which is

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given them to possess. In their terrible passage through the waste, Doughty renews his memories of desert journeys. After those five days they reach "Earth's Field" and dwell there in peace. It is the simplest of all Doughty's poems, and remains in the memory like a piece of old, mellow sculpture.

In his next poem, *The Cliffs*, published in the following year, Doughty leaves dateless and remote subjects and turns to England of the present day. It is one of the themes of *The Dawn in Britain* applied to modern times.

It is at first something of a shock to find Doughty writing of railways, aeroplanes, motor cars, wireless, and all the paraphernalia of the present day. Not that I would suggest that he should have stooped to absurd synonyms and paraphrases: that is the negation of poetry. Doughty calls a telegram a telegram, which is as it should be. The trouble is that we are conscious throughout the main parts of the poem of a serious incompatibility of language and subject. That it is possible to make fine poetry of the facts of modern life in archaic tongue is amply proved in the poem which follows this one—*The Clouds*, and it is through a comparison of the two that one of the chief causes of the failure of *The Cliffs* emerges. That *The Cliffs* is a drama and *The Clouds* a narrative, explains to a large extent the respective failure and success of the two poems. For though it is possible to narrate a modern story or to soliloquize through the mouth of a modern character in archaic language without incongruity, it is, I think, impossible so to write dramatic dialogue. That this is so, appears in *The Cliffs* from the outset. The scene opens on a cliff with the solitary soliloquy of John Hobbe, an old shepherd. That soliloquy, nearly 300 lines in length, is a beautiful and satisfying poem in itself. But when two German officers descend in an airship and converse in dialogue, incongruity appears at once. Here are their first words:—

First Voice. Herr Baron, right beneath us wide cliff lies.
Second Voice. Cliff-brow of *perfide* Albion! So alight.
First Voice. Avast, Hans! Let down anchor on the grass.
Baron. Herr Ingenieur, we sooner than we looked for,
Here touch to shore.

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And it is not only this incongruity of language that mars the poem. Often the action is delayed by prolonged discussions and criticisms of pre-war England which, however justified in fact, cannot be justified poetically or dramatically. Doughty the poet frequently nods and his place is taken by Doughty the critic and politician: he becomes submerged in the minutiæ of small evils which obscure the larger aspect of the present. And when the poet nods, his exquisite visual imagination also falls asleep. There is little profit in lingering over a great man's failures, but there is equally little profit in indiscriminate admiration. Though *The Cliffs* undoubtedly contains Doughty's least successful work, it also contains passages and details as lovely as any he has written.

The Clouds was published in 1910. In it the subject of *The Cliffs* is continued. England is shown invaded by the Germans: but the form here is narrative and not dramatic, and the poem succeeds admirably. Where, in the former poem, so much of the verse carped and discussed or unfolded in uncomfortable dialogue, in *The Clouds* it bodies forth, as did *Arabia Deserta*, *The Dawn*, and *Adam Cast Forth*, in visible narrative. It is a profoundly English poem. After the solemn, comminatory proem, the narrative advances in a series of vivid pictures, and the language, too, has taken on a suppleness, an appropriateness, which was often lacking in *The Cliffs*. *Easthampton Burned* remains intensely and terribly real in the memory, and *Ely* is full of the mellow richness of English Gothic.

In *The Titans*, which followed in 1916, Doughty reverts to prehistoric times. The theme (embodied in a myth of Titans, Gods, and Mortals) is Man's gradual subjection of the elemental forces and his growing scientific discovery of the world in which he lives.

Mansoul, Doughty's most recent poem—it appeared in 1920—is in a real sense the epitome of all his other work. In it the experience of a lifetime—the real experience of *Arabia Deserta* and the imaginative experience of his poems—is fused into a beautiful and luminous whole. Doughty is one, I think, who has reached his religion through a despair of human knowledge. He has found that all the wisdom of the past and all the wisdom

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of to-day can teach us nothing of ultimate things. All who reach this final barrier react according to their temperaments. But all great artists, however they react, turn back upon life, because fundamentally they love life. Thomas Hardy, when he reached the barrier, believed that all beyond it was for the worst: but though in word a pessimist, his magnificent preoccupation with life and emotion makes him really a great optimist. For the man who wrote *The Dynasts*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and even the terrible *Jude the Obscure*, life with all its miseries is a wonderful, a supremely valuable thing. It was Meredith's passion for nature and human society that drove him back on life. For him, perhaps, there was nothing beyond the barrier. Earth, he says, is all we have: but to him "Earth" meant a living intelligence, so that at times one is tempted to call him paradoxically a mystic materialist. He was able, at the darkest hour of his life, to exclaim: "Smite, sacred Reality!" and for the unknown future to trust to "Earth,"

> Leaving her the future task:
> Loving her too well to ask.

Doughty says that all beyond the barrier is good. He lives "in Faith of the Eternal Good," and turns back on life with a large sympathy and a large serenity.

Doughty is a Christian. He accepts Christ as his guide along the path of human goodness. He has a great capacity for veneration and fine emotion, so that, as regards ultimate things, his religion is, I think, free from dogmas,—the serene aspiration of a golden temperament

> . . . meekly adoring the Eternal Verities.

Mansoul, the latest, is also the richest, maturest, and in style the most perfect of the poems,—which is saying a great deal, for no English poet living to-day can, I think, be placed on a level with him except Thomas Hardy.

Looking back again over Doughty's eleven volumes of verse, one asks in amazement how much longer lovers of fine poetry will remain oblivious to this mass of beautiful work.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE FAERY QUEEN[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It was the egregious Disraeli who dubbed Victoria "the Faery," and Mr. Lytton Strachey in his triumphant biography of the Queen elaborates the Spenserian allusion, with "its suggestion of a diminutive creature, endowed with magical—and mythical—properties, and a portentousness almost ridiculously out of keeping with the rest of her make-up." Mr. Strachey wonders rather naïvely whether or not the unabashed histrion smiled in his sleeve when, remembering another fairy queen, he wrote to Victoria thanking her for a gift of snowdrops, and told her of his fancy that "perhaps the gift came from another monarch: Queen Titania, gathering flowers, with her Court, in a soft and sea-girt isle, and sending magic blossoms, which, they say, turn the heads of those who receive them." Victoria and—Titania! Raw stuff, it would seem; but so far as we may judge from what Mr. Strachey tells us, Victoria swallowed it all without gagging; "like a dram-drinker," as he says, "whose ordinary life is passed in dull sobriety, her unsophisticated intelligence gulped down his rococo allurements with peculiar zest." Mr. Strachey's metaphors are slightly dissonant, but the testimony is definite and plain. Victoria, her Teutonic sentimentalism deliciously released, floated voluptuously upon these scented tides, not caring that the odor was musk and patchouli. When, at intervals, she came ashore and found her feet, even her appearance had changed. "The short, stout figure, with its folds of black velvet, its muslin streamers, its heavy pearls at the heavy neck, assumed an almost menacing air." In her curiously rodential countenance, with its small, projecting teeth, receding chin, and protruding eyes, the traces of disappointment and displeasure

[1] *Queen Victoria.* By Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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were now overlaid by lines of arrogance and hauteur. Dazzled by Disraeli's assurances that she was the greatest of mortal sovereigns, basking in the full realization of an imperial magnificence of which she had only dreamed, she dilated with a new and unconquerable will to power. When she was with Disraeli, the grotesque little body thrilled and fluttered with excitement, and Disraeli feared she was going to embrace him. "Wreathed in smiles, she tattled and glided about the room like a bird," he wrote to a friend. She showered the industrious sycophant with gifts—illustrated albums, primroses from the woods at Osborne—and his responsive ecstasies became almost uncontrollable. They "were more precious than rubies," these gifts from "the most loved and illustrious being, the Sovereign whom he adores." Yet Victoria, saved by her Teutonic fidelity to fact, kept her head, and signed herself, at the end of an official letter to her Prime Minister, "yours aff'ly V. R. and I." In such a phrase, as Mr. Strachey remarks, the deep reality of her feeling is instantly manifest: "The Faery's feet were on the solid earth; it was the *rusé* cynic who was in the air."

Nothing could be more admirable than Mr. Strachey's exhibition of Victoria in this most preposterous of her many preposterous relationships. It is typical of his performance throughout. The delicate justice of his attitude is beyond praise. He ignores a thousand opportunities for ridicule, for a devastating satire so tempting that it cannot have been easy to forego. His irony is exquisite, profound, delectable; his sense of comedy is rich and unflagging: but an inexhaustible magnanimity restrains him from unkindness, a sage and clairvoyant tolerance mellows the brilliance of his exposition.

He has confronted and triumphed over every provocation offered by his theme. He is content to show us, without parody, Victoria as a baby, extremely fat, and even then pious without difficulty; at six a queenly and Christian child; at thirteen, sincere and simple, affectionate, commonplace, resolutely good, "essentially middle-class, who might almost have been the daughter of a German pastor," able to praise with enthusiasm the Bishop of Chester's *Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew.*

She is eighteen, and we watch her get out of bed at 6 o'clock in

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the morning of June 20, 1837, put on her dressing-gown, and go alone into the room where the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, were waiting to fall on their knees before her and tell her that she was Queen of England; and later, at her first Council in the Red Saloon, the great assembly of lords and notables, bishops, generals, Ministers of State, "saw the doors thrown open and a girl in deep plain mourning come into the room alone and move forward to her seat with extraordinary dignity and grace—an eighteen-year old Queen with fair hair, blue prominent eyes, a small, curved nose, an open mouth revealing the upper teeth, a tiny chin, a clear complexion . . . gravity, youth, composure; they heard a high unwavering voice reading aloud with perfect clarity; and then, the ceremony over, they saw the small figure rise and, with the same consummate grace, the same amazing dignity, pass out from among them, as she had come in, alone."

She was then at her most winsome. In Mr. Strachey's remarkable projection she becomes increasingly less persuasive—her coarseness of mental grain, her incurable mediocrity, her spiritual obtuseness, her narrowness and crude intolerance, her infinite sentimentalism, are more and more deeply etched. We observe her raptures, two years later, over the pulchritude of Albert—his "exquisite nose," his "delicate moustachios and slight but very slight whiskers." They embrace, and he is "*so* kind, so affectionate," as he murmurs to her that he will be very happy "*das Leben mit dir zu zubringen.*" She marries her enamoring German cousin, who was born in the same year as she, and whose birth had been assisted by the same midwife. They are miraculously happy; they visit Albert's fatherland, and Victoria expatiates, in a letter to her mentor Leopold, upon her affection for "our dear little Germany . . . I fear I almost like it too much." Albert plays with the royal babies, designs a new pigsty, reads aloud to Victoria the *Church History of Scotland*, shows her how she should behave when she appears in public places. We see him playing a more and more dominating part in the affairs of England, assuming the actual control of the forces and the functions of the Crown, so that by the close of Peel's administration he had become, in effect, another one of

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England's German kings. We witness the triumph of nineteenth-century duty, industry, morality, domesticity, over eighteenth-century subtlety and cynicism; with "even the chairs and tables assuming the forms of prim solidity." We note the apogee of the Victorian Age.

Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, cross the stage, inimitably realized. Albert Edward is born—alas! that Mr. Strachey tells us so little of him (we beseech from him a book, at least an essay, upon Edward VII). What we see of him is not easily forgettable. "Bertie, though he was good-humored and gentle, seemed to display a deep-seated repugnance to every form of mental exertion. . . . The more lessons that Bertie had to do, the less he did them; and the more carefully he was guarded against excitement and frivolities, the more desirous of mere amusement he seemed to become. . . . Certainly the Prince of Wales did not take after his father. . . . On his seventeenth birthday a memorandum was drawn up over the names of the Queen and Prince informing their eldest son that he was now entering upon the period of manhood, and directing him henceforward to perform the duties of a Christian gentleman. . . . 'Life is composed of duties,' said the memorandum, 'and in the due, punctual, and cheerful performance of them, the true Christian, true soldier, true gentleman, is recognized. . . .' On receipt of the memorandum Bertie burst into tears."

The Prince Consort dies at forty-two, and a long darkness falls upon Victoria's career. With the passing of Albert, a veil descends. "Only occasionally, at fitful and disconnected intervals, does it lift for a moment or two. . . . Thus, though the Queen survived her great bereavement for almost as many years as she had lived before it, the chronicle of those years can bear no proportion to the tale of her earlier life." But the veil lifts at intervals. We see Victoria absorbed in the holy task of evolving a suitable monument for her dead consort, and achieving the ineffable Albert Memorial, with its central figure of the adored Prince under the starry canopy,—designed by Mr. Foley, but inspired, in one particular, by Mr. Gilbert Scott, who chose the sitting posture for the figure "as best conveying the idea of dignity befitting a royal personage." The statue, of bronze gilt,

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weighs nearly ten tons. "It was rightly supposed that the simple word *Albert*, cast on the base," murmurs Mr. Strachey, "would be a sufficient means of identification."

Victoria, no longer guided by Albert, tackles affairs of state. She considers the intricate Irish Church Bill, yet can make nothing of its complexities except to be sure that she disapproves it. She obtains relief by diverting her attention to a suggested naval reform. It had been proposed that the sailors should thenceforward be allowed to wear beards. Victoria is favorably inclined toward this innovation. "Her own personal feeling," writes the Sovereign to the First Lord, "would be for the beards without the moustaches, as the latter have rather a soldier-like appearance; but then the object in view would not be obtained, viz., to prevent the necessity of shaving. Therefore it had better be as proposed, the entire beard, only it should be kept short and very clean. . . . On no account should moustaches be allowed without beards."

The Prince of Wales becomes one of "her more serious distresses." He had begun to do as he liked, and in 1870 "her worst fears seemed to be justified when he appeared as a witness in a society divorce case. Victoria was indignant—less with her son than with the social system. She wrote to Mr. Delane of *The Times* requesting him to write frequently 'articles pointing out the *immense* danger and evil of the wretched frivolity and levity of the views and lives of the Higher Classes.'" It is a pity that the Queen could not live to read Col. Repington. It might have reconciled her to Edward's associates.

The veil lifts more often now. Victoria is white-haired, and walks with a stick. Disraeli and John Brown are dead. The fiftieth year of her reign is celebrated with pomp and gorgeousness, and she is hailed by her people as "the embodied symbol of their imperial greatness." Victoria, escorted by kings and princes, drives to Westminster Abbey and gives thanks to God and the dead Disraeli. She is tired, but almost happy again. The sharp edge of her grief has blunted, and she can enjoy her breakfast without wondering how "dear Albert" would have liked the buttered eggs. But she is still an inexorable memorialist, a faithful attendant at secret shrines, a passionate observer of

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holy rites. At this period, every bed in which she slept had attached to it, at the back, on the right-hand side above the pillows, a photograph of Albert's head and shoulders as he lay dead, surmounted by a wreath of immortelles; and in the suite of rooms which he had occupied at the Castle, his clothing, by her command, was laid afresh each evening upon the bed; and each evening the water was set ready in the basin, as if he were still alive: "this incredible rite," says Mr. Strachey, "was performed with scrupulous regularity for nearly forty years."

It is a large element of Mr. Strachey's triumph that he makes such ghastliness as this seem an organic and not too horrible part of his superbly modulated portrait. He displays Victoria with completeness but without cruelty. He is benignly caustic, bountiful and exact, profoundly humorous and inclusive, infinitely exhilarating. He discerns the nature of the underlying element which, in Victoria's personality, really counted: "It was a peculiar sincerity. Her truthfulness, her singlemindedness, the vividness of her emotions and her unrestrained expression of them, were the varied forms which this central characteristic assumed. It was her sincerity which gave her at once her impressiveness, her charm, and her absurdity. She moved through life with the imposing certitude of one to whom concealment was impossible —either towards her surroundings or towards herself. There she was, all of her—the Queen of England, complete and obvious; the world might take her or leave her; she had nothing more to show, or to explain, or to modify; and, with her peerless carriage, she swept along her path."

Four years after the culminating public occasion of her career, the Jubilee of 1897, she died at Osborne, in her eighty-second year. Mr. Strachey fancies her calling up out of the past, as she lay blind and silent in those last days, the drifting shadows of her marvellous history, summoning them one by one,—"passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories: to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield; to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stay at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord

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M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington."

And so Mr. Strachey, with this charming coda, comes to the end of a dazzling exhibition of bravura. In his field, he is an unequalled virtuoso. We can think of no living writer of English who could have yielded us, in this particular adventure, so memorable a parade of beauty, of entertainment, of slyly dissembled malice—unless it is Mr. Max Beerbohm. But Mr. Beerbohm would infallibly have avoided even the one little pitfall that has entrapped Mr. Strachey and kept him from attaining complete distinction: Mr. Beerbohm would never have been betrayed into using that appalling *cliché* invoked by Mr. Strachey when he tells us, in the idiom of the "local item" and the suburban tea, that the Prince Consort was "passionately fond of music."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

AMERICA takes the lead for world peace. That is the inspiring purport of the President's action. Amid the score or more of wars that have occurred since the armistice of 1918, the continued military preparations of the powers, the rumors of impending conflicts of vast magnitude, and all the hesitancy, doubt and fear that beset the world, there comes one clear, brave voice. "Come," says the President in effect to the other four Great Powers, "Come, and let us reason together for the limitation of armaments." This is a summons which cannot be refused, and which can not fail—faith in God and man forbids us to doubt it—to have beneficent results surpassing anything else that we have known in our age. The question of limiting armaments has been discussed before, as one item in the voluminous agenda of miscellaneous conferences. This is the first time in history when the chief nations of the whole world have been called together for the specific and sole purpose of seeking such limitation. It is the voice of the President that calls them; and the voice of the President is the voice of America.

The long-promised new era in Ireland began, formally and actually, with the opening of Parliament at Belfast, the King and Queen being in personal attendance; and June 22, 1921, henceforth ranks in Irish and British annals with January 1, or February 2, 1801, whichever may be regarded as the true date of the beginning of the Union. Unhappily the new order of things was accepted and went into effect in only a minor fraction of the island, the central and southern parts, under Sinn Fein domination, remaining recalcitrant and defiant. Mr. Lloyd George immediately strove to put into effect the conciliatory spirit of the King's Speech, by inviting the heads of the Ulster government and the chiefs of the Sinn Fein "Republic" to meet himself and his colleagues in a friendly tripartite conference. His efforts were earnestly seconded by General Jan

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Smuts, acting as a candid friend of all three parties and as an advocate at once of regional autonomy and of imperial solidarity. The gratifying result is a more hopeful prospect of just and amicable settlement than would a month ago have been regarded as possible. To the United States these developments should be of special interest, apart from our humane desire for the welfare of all kindred peoples, as confirmation of this country, both officially and popularly, in its correct attitude toward the "Irish question." No people are more ready than Americans to sympathize with every legitimate aspiration for governmental reform, enlargement of liberty, and establishment of self-government. None should be more scrupulous in refraining from interference of any kind in the domestic affairs of a friendly foreign Power. John Hay's description of our foreign policy as "the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule" is doubly apt. The one pledges us not to meddle in the affairs of European nations which do not concern us. The other admonishes us to do to others in 1921 as we wished others to do to us in 1861.

The college and university commencement season of 1921 has been marked with exceptional interest both in its general aspects and in various specific features. Among the latter conspicuously outstanding was the centenary commemoration of the founding of Amherst College as an institution for the free education of candidates for the Christian ministry. The college quickly got away from that narrow scope, and for a hundred years has been a fine example of what has rather infelicitously been called the "small college" and which may better be called simply the college as distinguished from the true university. It has been foremost in demonstrating the indispensable utility and value of such institutions of general culture as the very backbone of our higher educational system, whether as ends in themselves or as the best possible feeders to the post-graduate, professional and research schools of the great universities.

Another commencement time incident of national interest was the installation of a new President of Yale University, in circumstances marking a new era in the history of that institution, the chief of them being that Dr. Angell was before his election in no t

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the slightest respect connected or associated with Yale. A few of the very first Presidents of Yale were alumni of other colleges, for the reason that Yale had not yet a sufficient body of alumni to draw from. But since the first five, until Dr. Angell, every Yale President was a "Yale man." The new President was educated at the University of Michigan, and is the son of a President of that great institution who had himself been educated at Brown University. For the first time in a history of more than two centuries, Yale has at its head the product of a Western "freshwater college." That might mean that Yale had conformed itself with the standards of scholarship obtaining elsewhere, even in the generality of colleges and universities throughout the nation; or it might mean that other institutions had come up to Yale's standard. Did Mohammed go to the Mountain, or did the Mountain after all come to Mohammed? Judicious observers will in this case incline to the latter view. There has been no decline in the standards of Yale and the other great Eastern universities, but there has been a coming up to that standard by other institutions in all parts of the land. That is the national significance of Dr. Angell's election to Yale—the uniformity and solidarity of our national intellectual culture.

The order for the withdrawal of our arbitrary military despotism from Santo Domingo is to be regarded with gratitude, though it came too late to save us from much shame and from the just resentment of the people of the island republic. Years ago, when President Roosevelt merely loaned an expert official to advise and assist the Domingan Government in its fiscal affairs, there was a monstrous to-do over such "meddling" and "imperialism." Yet under the Wilson Administration our Government went almost immeasurably further than had so much as been dreamed of, and established what was very much like a military satrapy over a conquered and subject people. It cannot be maintained that there was any justification for such a course, in law or morals, nor does there seem to be any reason for hoping that permanent good has been wrought by it in the island. We shall be fortunate if, through frank withdrawal from a course which we never should have undertaken, we avoid a serious alienation of confidence.

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One of the most interesting announcements of recent years in the realm of journalism is that of the purchase of control of the *Saturday Review* (of London) by the Canadian-English banker, Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, and the engagement of Mr. Sydney Brooks—who needs no introduction to the readers of this REVIEW—as its Editor. Since it was founded by Lord Salisbury's brother-in-law, Mr. Beresford-Hope, two-thirds of a century ago, the *Saturday Review* has had an always conspicuous, generally brilliant and often influential place in English journalism. At first Peelite and then ultra-Conservative in politics, its strenuous partisanship incurred for it at times the name of *Saturday Reviler*. But more than for its politics it is remembered and regarded for its attention to sociological and literary matters. It was in its pages that Mrs. Lynn Linton exploited the "Girl of the Period," and that Messrs. Andrew Lang, Frederick Greenwood, George Saintsbury, H. D. Traill and others presented some of their best writing to the public. Nor should we forget, as a striking instance of what we might call the liberality of Toryism, that during some of his most radical and iconoclastic years Mr. George Bernard Shaw was a conspicuous member of its staff. We could not wish Mr. Sydney Brooks a more fascinating task than that of taking over this journal, with its brilliant and unique traditions, and remoulding it in accordance with his own principles of journalism, nor could we wish the redoubtable *Saturday* a worthier fate than to fall into his cultivated and masterful hands.

The appalling flood disaster at Pueblo and other places in Colorado was apparently one of those "acts of God" for which men disclaim responsibility. It does not seem that it was due in any appreciable measure to human faults or follies, but to an outburst of the elements which could not be foreseen, averted or controlled; though we shall not question the possibility that some day engineering skill will devise ways and means of protecting mankind against even such disasters. By contrast, at almost the same time, there was a still more appalling occurrence at Tulsa, Oklahoma, which was not at all an "act of God" or a cataclysm of nature, but was due entirely to human faults and follies and the abhorrent passions which nineteen centuries of

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Christianity have not yet eliminated from the race. Years ago a serious South American revolution arose over the question whether five or ten cents was to be paid for a melon. So this hideous race war of devastation and extermination is said to have arisen over the misuse or misunderstanding of a single word. But a spark cannot cause an explosion unless the magazine is there, ready to be exploded. The misinterpretation of the word was one of the commonest and stupidest of the current corruptions of English speech. But it would have been innocuous had not evil passions been there, ready for unchaining with even so small a key. Our civil engineers will do well to curb, if they can, the fury of mountain torrents. Immeasurably more do we need some moral engineering which will not only curb but if possible destroy the far more deadly passions of cruelty, savagery and hatred which lurk in the dark recesses of the human heart. Mention of Pueblo arouses only sentiments of pity, help and hope. Mention of Tulsa will for many a year excite those of loathing, detestation and immeasurable shame.

An encouraging reminder of progress in a little noticed corner of the world was afforded by the consecration in a New York City church, of the Protestant Episcopal faith, of a Suffragan Bishop of Liberia; the significant feature of the incident being that the clergyman was in his youth a member of one of the wild Negro tribes which still roam in the inland jungles of that part of Africa, and owed his civilization, education and preparation for the episcopal office entirely to schools within the Negro republic. It is just a hundred years since Liberia was founded by the American Colonization Society as a refuge for American Negroes who had been emancipated but were denied enfranchisement. In those years the little nation, now composed almost entirely of African-born Negroes, has been generally neglected by this and other countries to a discreditable degree, but in spite of that circumstance has maintained a stability and integrity of government and has attained a degree of civilization and culture, which might be much envied by many a more pretentious and more conspicuous State. It is particularly encouraging to observe that with a few early exceptions the men of "light and leading' in Liberia, such as Barclay and Blyden, and the newly-conse-

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crated Bishop Gardiner, have been of unmixed Negro blood and have owed their culture chiefly if not entirely to Liberian schools.

There was, and with much reason, profound satisfaction, in the United States as in France itself, at the fine support which M. Briand received in the Chamber of Deputies when a vote of confidence was sought on his policy in the settlement with Germany. Criticism had been noisy and virulent, but when after full and free debate, and after M. Briand's frank and manly exposition of his course and the reasons for it, a vote was taken, more than seventy-one per cent of the Deputies registered their approval. Equally gratifying was the assurance, quickly following, that the relations between France and Great Britain remained unimpaired in cordiality and mutual confidence. It would have been deplorable and ominous for M. Briand to be repudiated by the representatives of the nation which he has served so well in so difficult circumstances. It would have been nothing less than disastrous to have a breach between the two great Allied Powers.

Lord Curzon's destructive criticism of the League of Nations was described by some writers as unexpected. Why, does not appear; unless merely in the time and technical occasion. He is a man whose sane perceptions are not dazzled by idealistic visions. Mr. Lloyd George had only a week before declared that the League was dangerously insufficient, and that unless controlled by a right public opinion it might lead to war. And a little before that various League Powers, great and small, had taken both diplomatic and military action of the most important kind without consulting the League or so much as recognizing its existence; while several others, of authoritative status, had given notice of their resolute purpose to move for radical amendment of the Covenant, even to the cardiotomy or excision of Article Ten. The progress of events is remorselessly demonstrating that, as Lord Curzon says, the Allies at Paris erred in precipitately rushing into discussion of matters which it is now seen would better have been solved by being postponed; and that if instead of taking up the regulation of the world they had endeavored to secure the peace of the world as it then was, "we should

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have been much further advanced in the conditions of peace than we now are."

Memorial Day was marked, above many other appropriate and impressive incidents, by the unveiling and dedication of a bust of Washington in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, close by the monumental tombs of Nelson and Wellington. We are not sure that a more gratefully significant act of the kind was ever performed in any country of the world, though it was merely a confirmatory epilogue to the memorable speech of King George at his dinner to President Wilson at Buckingham Palace. Of course it is historically true that Washington was in the first instance a British commander, fighting for the King under the Union Jack, and it was not unfitting to be reminded of that fact. But of course it was not for that reason that he was honored by the side of Nelson and Wellington, but rather because he was the victorious leader of a revolution against British misgovernment and the founder of a new and independent Anglo-Saxon nation. It was not Braddock's aid and successor, but Cornwallis's conqueror, not the Washington of Great Meadows but the Washington of Trenton and Yorktown, whose effigy was placed in St. Paul's. The incident interpreted in action the King's speech of three and a half years before.

The death of General Horace Porter, literally "full of honors and years," removed almost the last important figure of the Civil War, and one of even greater importance in civil and diplomatic life since that struggle. A grateful nation must never forget that it owes to him the stately sepulchre of its most famous soldier and also the home-coming and appropriate entombment of the founder of its navy. Those two labors of love will cause his name to be inseparably and perpetually associated with the fame of Grant and John Paul Jones. Neither will it be forgotten, while international law and justice are cherished, that he conspicuously made the influence and the principles of America felt in the great Congress at The Hague, in the direction of the adjudication of international controversies on a basis of equity and equality.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

China, Japan, and Korea. By J. O. P. Bland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The great virtue of Mr. Bland's book about China, Japan, and Korea—which is mainly a book about China, and only incidentally a book about the other countries mentioned in the title—is that it outlines with unsparing clearness an unsolved and perhaps insoluble problem. A secondary virtue, but by no means a small one, is its freedom from too much discursiveness. In most writings about the Far East important facts are largely mingled with impressions and with more or less sentimental reflections—to the practical obscuring of issues. In reading accounts in which so much is strange, sensational, or picturesque, one finds difficulty in giving due weight to the real factors. Pestilence, starvation, and graft, placed beside odd social customs and striking scenes lose half their significance and take on a merely imaginative value. In short, we receive too readily the point of view of the visitor to China as distinguished from that of the resident in that country.

Those who prefer optimistic, ingeniously constructive, entertainingly discursive books, especially about subjects seeming so remote from our daily lives as the condition of China, will find Mr. Bland's work unsatisfying. To others it will prove intensely interesting. There can be no doubt that the author, who has lived for thirty years in China as secretary to Sir Robert Hart, is well informed; and his arguments are hard to resist.

The problem of life in China depends upon the ratio of population to food—a ratio which has to be multiplied by another factor,—the "procreative recklessness" of the people. Plainly not much can be done to improve matters unless this last coefficient can be in some way cancelled or diminished. But this appears to be impossible, for it would involve a complete change in the social system and the religious beliefs of all China. This being the case, the plan of introducing modern methods among the Chinese, with a view to enabling them to compete industrially with the white races, could, even if practicable, bring only temporary relief. Moreover, "there is no possibility of materially increasing either the productivity of the soil or the area under cultivation." The "Wisconsin Idea" is absurd as applied to a land already cultivated more intensively than any other part of the world; and machinery can do little good in a country where agricultural man-power is far cheaper than any fuel-driven machine.

It is this essential condition which Mr. Bland keeps plainly before us throughout his discussion. As a remedy for such a deep-seated and chronic evil, a

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republican form of government is, of course, the hollowest of mockeries. How can a real republic exist in a country where the great mass of the people are inevitably ignorant and degraded—debarred from progress by their very virtues and by that "procreative recklessness" which is a part of their religion?

But the Chinese Republic is also in itself a sham, and it is evidently a political evil. "Young China" is not truly representative of the nation, nor is it truly modern or advanced. Those who look hopefully upon the student movement "overlook the fact that whereas Young China will work itself to a semi-hysterical condition of eloquence and tears over China's sovereign rights in the Shantung case, its indignation has never yet been publicly directed against the growing rapacity of the metropolitan and provincial officials or the notorious corruption of both parliaments." Pretended civil wars—wars not really for the assertion of any clearly defined political principle, but mere "struggles for place and patronage and pelf"—go on within the republic under the leadership of immensely able men, "coldly calculating and quite ruthless." The Tuchuns have amassed great wealth, and some of them are known to be multi-millionaires. But the most convincing argument tending to prove the proposition that the republic is a futility, and its corollary, that the only course offering stability and solvency to China is a return to the monarchy—the most convincing argument of all is Mr. Bland's highly interesting and instructive account of the career of Yuan Shih-K'ai. Every step in this wily statesman's policy was based upon the assumption that just these things were true—that the republic was a delusion; that a monarchy was the only form of government which the Chinese people could understand and peaceably live under. Shams, hypocrisies, corruption, double-dealing, he knew they would regard as quite normal and put up with, while the monarchy in itself would appeal to them. He was entirely right. Every step was successful until Yuan slipped up through his ignorance of foreign relations.

As for reconstruction, Mr. Bland thinks that the present four-Power consortium, which has made disbandment of Chinese armies a condition of loans to China, can work effectively only by arriving at a comprehensive agreement with Japan. There is reason, he believes, to hope that the old Japanese militaristic spirit is on the wane, and that in the future the Japanese will seek for economic predominance rather than political control in China. But if Japanese militarism—in the sense of war for war's sake—is decreasing, there is nevertheless no diminution of Japanese pride or self-assertiveness. Moreover, the actual economic needs of Japan are pressing. There is no valid objection, the author thinks, to Japanese expansion into Manchuria and Mongolia; and in Korea the only practicable procedure seems to be gradual assimilation by the Japanese.

Other close students of the Far East have advocated a solution of difficulties in that part of the world along lines of practical expediency rather than idealism, but perhaps no other has given his reasons quite so convincingly as Mr. Bland.

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LEGENDS. By Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Lowell makes in her Preface the most pregnant of comments upon her own book. A Legend is something which nobody has written and everybody has written, and which anybody is at liberty to rewrite; wherefore she cares nothing about the inaccuracies—from the point of view of the student of folk-lore—which have crept into her poems, because the truth of poetry is imaginative, not literal. In all that we most cordially agree with her, in relation to the present work. But since this is so significantly and pertinently true concerning the poetry of legends, we cannot escape wondering that Miss Lowell has not always perceived the equal truth of the converse, or perhaps of a corollary, when applied to what we may call the poetry of history.

The poet should be free to exercise any flight, vagary or eccentricity of imagination or of invention in writing legends, because legends are essentially products of imagination and invention. But incidents and narratives of history are not imaginary, but literal; wherefore in enshrining them in poetic structures we should always so far adhere to the spirit of the facts that, no matter how opulently adorned with the embroidery of imagination, the finished poem shall produce an effect in harmony with that of the most prosaic and dry-as-dust annals. This can always be done without in any degree hampering the poet or sacrificing the fanciful charm of the work, for the reason that historic truth must always be as fertile soil and as fecund a source of inspiration for imaginative enlargement as historic untruth. Of this a striking exemplification was afforded in a former volume of Miss Lowell's. Among its contents are two historic poems, side by side; of which one produces upon the mind of the reader an impression exactly accordant with the known facts of history, and the other an impression as exactly discordant. Yet in amplitude and variety of the exercise of creative imagination, the former is if possible superior to the latter.

All this is, however, by the way for the present, since the volume before us comprises nothing but Legends in the truest sense of the word. Every one of them is sheer invention, and of every one of them the inventor has from time immemorial been unknown. Doubtful is it, in fact, if one of them ever had an individual inventor, author, composer. Rather should we say that they "out from the heart of Nature rolled," and they are no more to be strait-jacketed in a single fixed form than the sunrise or sunset sky is to be confined to a single fixed color scheme. The epigram of Kipling on Tribal Lays is apt and accurate. No matter in how many different ways one of these Legends may be repeated, they are all right ways, so long as they are instinct with the essential spirit of legendry. And that spirit is assuredly not lacking in any of these vibrant, scintillating and heart-haunting versions. Miss Lowell has, as she admits,—or boasts,—changed, added, subtracted, jumbled at will, made over to suit her own poetic vision. But always she has done so in the intrinsically legendary vein, and the result is so enthralling, so enchanting,

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that we are quite sure that her version is the best possible version and is the very one in which the legend was from the beginning of time intended to be told.

When from the matter of the Legends we turn to the dress in which Miss Lowell has clothed them, we are inclined to felicitate many other poets upon her insistence in pursuing her own unique and self-ruled way. For here is convincing evidence that if she had chosen to adhere to any of the more familiar and conventional mediums of poetical expression, she would have so greatly excelled that among many of her competitors there would have been "no second." Thus in "The Ring and the Castle" we have the very perfection of ballad-making, and again in "Dried Majoram," though in an entirely different rhythm; as both are entirely different from the accepted and traditional "ballad measure." Again, in "From a Yucca to a Passion Vine" there are passages so purely lyrical that they sing themselves, whether the reader wills or no. In the colossal "Many Swans" we find all things, lyrical, dramatic, narrative, descriptive; as many and as varied notes as in a Beethoven symphony, and all as harmonious and as integral.

Those, if those there be, who assume Miss Lowell's poems always to be devoid of rhyme and rhythm, will be informed otherwise by finding here sustained passages of marvellous beauty in which the versification is as regular, the rhythm as uniform, the rhymes as carefully chosen, as in any poem of Tennyson's or Poe's. True, we do find "hero" made to rhyme with "must know," and "lustres" with "dust blurs"; but we should not have to search far to discover more flagrant examples in the masters of rhyme whom we have mentioned. We may with Horace be indignant "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*," though if we are we shall be unreasonable and shall risk spoiling our sweet dispositions. Personally, we have always wondered why Tennyson went to the trouble of composing his famous "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," in the competition for the most hopelessly commonplace and wooden line, when he could have done as well by quoting a line from Poe's "Raven," or from "The Warden of the Cinque Ports" of Poe's *bête noir*, Longfellow.

But—and this is the supreme merit and charm—whenever Miss Lowell does thus employ regular forms, rhythm and rhyme, we are invariably made to feel that she does so not because she is compelled but because she freely elects so to do, and that she thus elects solely because such forms happen to be in her taste and judgment the best suited to the themes. If it would have served the themes better, she would unhesitatingly have employed "free verse" or blank verse or "polyphonic prose" or what not. So these meticulously versified, rhythmical and rhyming ballads and lyrics are after all as truly "free" as any other form of poetical expression. They were not imposed upon the writer, but were taken by her, of her own free will, simply because they suited her purpose better than any other. This, we repeat, is the supreme fascination of these poems; that they always seem absolutely free, spontaneous, sincere. They are not exempt from faults, and sometimes these are grievous.

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But the damning faults of affectation, and of eccentricity just for eccentricity's sake, which are characteristic of the major portion of current "free verse," are never found in the poems of Amy Lowell.

THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION. By H. G. Wells. New York: the Macmillan Company.

A kind of intellectual knight-errantry upon the part of Mr. Wells—a willingness to attack the most monstrous and savage problems with the weapons of idealism—is no small part of this writer's undeniable appeal. It requires some boldness, one must remember, to advance constructive ideas. Only a venturesome, as well as a disinterested thinker could have written a book like *The Salvaging of Civilization*, and the adventure itself, considering the courage, the high motives, and the intellectual address displayed in it, wins applause. It must be said, however, that Mr. Wells, like Sir Launcelot, does not quite arrive.

Civilization, thinks Mr. Wells, is liable shortly to collapse and the human race to decay unless some way can be found to prevent wars—for into further wars the world is aimlessly drifting; the next great convulsion will be more horrible than the one just passed, and civilization will be unable to withstand the strain. To avert this disaster, the author offers three suggestions—two of which are original.

With that perspicacity which he never fails to manifest in some part of every book that he writes Mr. Wells perceives that the present League of Nations—and, indeed, the league of nations *idea*—is amateurish and insufficient. In words that could not be bettered he points out that the League is "at once, a little too much for American participation and not sufficient for the urgent needs of Europe." What is needed is not something less than the League, but something far greater—a true World State. The proposition is a big one, for the abolition of war means no mere readjustment of human relations, but a change of human nature—war is as much an integral and shaping influence in our present civilization as is religion or law. We ought not, therefore, to underrate the magnitude of the undertaking, but we should realize that because of this very magnitude a heroic remedy is required.

It at once occurs to the reader, at this point, that there is possibly something a little wrong with Mr. Wells's logic. To say that because a World State is incompatible with national jealousy, with that atrocious Sinn-Fein spirit which the author identifies with European patriotism, that therefore the remedy for war is to establish a World State as soon as possible, would be like arguing that because football-playing is incompatible with physical debility therefore tubercular patients should play football. Practically Mr. Wells recognizes this; but the recognition takes away more perhaps than he realizes from the force of his plea for a World State. The whole problem, he admits, is one of intellectual and moral education.

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How does Mr. Wells propose to provide the education necessary for the salvaging of civilization? His first suggestion on this score is original and fascinating—if somewhat startling. He suggests the preparation of a book of wisdom for universal distribution, to be called "the Bible of Civilization." The old Bible, he argues, is open to criticism in several important respects. For one thing, it is tautological; it tells, for instance, the history of the Jewish nation twice over. And again, it is unscientific. But its most serious fault is that it has become standardized, that it has ceased to grow—a condition that did not exist in those early ages in which the Bible had its origin. The idea of the old Bible was, however, essentially right. It was a needed compilation of all the knowledge and inspiration available in its age, and, best of all, it did give man a real conception of his place in the universe. Following so successful a model, Mr. Wells would construct his modern Bible closely upon the lines of the old. There would be a biological and geological section corresponding to the Book of Genesis; hygiene and ethics would fill the place of Deuteronomy; there would be literary Books; and finally there would be a "Book of Forecasts." Mr. Wells does not say whether he would include in his Book of Proverbs such sayings as Thomas Brackett Reed's definition of a statesman, or Labouchere's comment that "mere disbelief in the existence of God does not entitle a man's opinions on all other topics to uncritical acceptance." The Book of Forecasts would consist of the programmes and philosophies of living statesmen, and the author ironically suggests that while the first draught would undoubtedly be a pale and sad affair, the project would at least force public men to define their ultimate aims and to question themselves as to whether they had any ultimate aims.

What Mr. Wells presents in his conception of a modern Bible is, in short, just a brief abstract of all our education and culture—including the sort of thing we read in the magazines and reviews. Well, probably Mr. Bryan would contribute, and if he isn't a prophet, who is? It is a grave question whether our modern education and culture, with its vast extent, its rival views, and its considerable uncertainty, could advantageously be thus compacted. Besides, how many, who do not go to college, could really understand Mr. Wells's Bible? Not even the amount of advertizing done by the promoters of the Encyclopaedia Britannica would be sufficient to popularize such a work, and this amount does not equal the total propaganda in behalf of education in our colleges. Illiterate persons would not assemble in churches and Grange halls to hear Mr. Wells's Bible read to them. People do not do that sort of thing nowadays. They go to Chautauquas to hear Mr. Bryan direct. In brief, isn't it better to let our vast and somewhat fluid culture do its work in the ways it has found for itself—in schools and libraries, in books and periodicals—than to attempt to concentrate it in a Bible? It is by its very nature a diffused and general influence.

Moreover, in all this, Mr. Wells seems completely to ignore the fact that the immense influence of the Bible has been due in large part to general belief in

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its inspiration. It may be true that the world has passed the point when it can be saved, or greatly aided, by belief in an inspired book; but it does not follow from this that it can be saved by the popularization of an uninspired book. Something more than factitious enthusiasm for the five-foot shelf is evidently needed.

The author's third suggestion seems more practical than the others. Mr. Wells is one of the few who have grasped the essential truth that the great difficulty in education is just the difficulty of securing an adequate supply of competent teachers. He therefore urges that the work of planning lessons and supplying materials be centralized; that every teacher be supplied with the best possible lecture notes, apparatus, diagrams, phonograph records, and cinema films from a central bureau. The premise is certainly sound, and better organization in these matters might secure greater efficiency. But Mr. Wells's criticism seems to point to deficiencies possibly more prevalent in England than in America, and also it is clear that, in the form of text-books, laboratory methods, and uniform supplies, we already have a considerable degree of standardization. Experience seems to show, moreover, that good teachers, and writers of excellent text-books, are apt to become affected with a kind of bureaucratic stupidity as soon as they are constrained to coöperate in making out a syllabus. Something is to be said, after all, for educational liberty.

On the whole, one finds in Mr. Wells's extraordinary and stimulating, not to say provoking book, little more than several ordinary ideas greatly magnified.

Is America Safe for Democracy? By William McDougal, Professor of Psychology in Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

While Mr. Wells pessimistically analyzes the causes of the probable downfall of European civilization, and with unquenchable optimism suggests educational remedies, Professor McDougal writes in a somewhat sprightly manner of how "the American nation is speeding gaily down the road to destruction," and not too hopefully points to Eugenics as the sole available remedy. It is worth noting that Eugenics is the one thing that Mr. Wells considers too vague and impractical to be worth discussing as a means of national and world salvation, whereas Professor McDougal emphasizes the limited effect of education upon the race. If one had to choose between the two, one would unhesitatingly decide in favor of Professor McDougal. It ought to be clear enough by this time that the limits of education, and hence of reform, are fixed by native intelligence, and Eugenics appears both a more logical and a more sufficient alternative to sheer destruction than does a centralized educational bureau. But when doctors disagree there is always the hope that both may be wrong, and the thesis that this or that is the *only possible* remedy for a threatening evil has been frequently falsified by history.

Hence we hope that, despite Mr. Balfour's thesis that conclusions are gener-

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ally sounder than premises, Professor McDougal's premises may be sounder than his main conclusion.

This tentative suggestion is, however, about the only idea remotely approaching a criticism that one has to offer as comment upon Professor McDougal's book.

It would be difficult to imagine a wiser, more interesting, more generally acceptable popular discussion of the vexed questions of heredity and of race than this able psychologist and philosopher has written. Particularly fascinating are the developments of the idea that "on both the moral and intellectual sides the *innate* potentialities of the mind are richer, more various, and more specific than can be described in terms of degrees of intelligence and degrees of strength of the several instinctive influences." Through statistical methods, moreover, the author seems able to fix with approximate accuracy certain really primary psychological qualities of the principal races of Europe. Of course, the Eugenic significance of all this is simply that moral and intellectual qualities are distributed in about the same way as are physical characteristics such as stature; and that they are, at least relatively, unchangeable —though Professor McDougal suggests that Weissman *may* not have been right in holding that acquired characteristics are in no degree transmitted to offspring. But the subject of race is in itself of immense importance and a real clarification of the questions about it could not but deeply affect our thinking upon a great variety of other subjects, including politics, art and literature.

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